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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Sir J. M. Barrie's poignantly beautiful play, 'Mary Rose," makes a wonderful appeal to crowded houses at the Haymarket, but, in some respects, it has puzzled many of the great multitude who have seen it, and we have decided to offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the best interpretation in not more than 300 *words of the play's inner meaning, and what final lesson the author intends us to draw from it.*

We also offer Prizes of a Guinea-and-a-Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea for the best criticisms in not more than 300 *words of the perennially popular play of "Peter Pan." This Competition is limited to younger readers. The age of the Competitor must be written under his or her signature, and each reply should bear a note by the Competitor's parent or guardian stating that the writer of the reply is under the age of fourteen.*

Competitors should keep copies of their MSS., and not enclose stamped envelopes for their return.

All replies in both these Competitions must be posted by the 1st *October, addressed to The Editor of* The Bookman, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Envelopes for the one should be marked "Mary Rose Competition," and for the other "Peter Pan Competition."*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *Christmas Number.*

The Bookman 250 Guineas First Novel Prize Competition closes on the 31st December. Write for particulars to the Editor of The Bookman Address as above.

With reference to his article, "Gallovidianus Identified," in last month's Bookman, Mr. Davidson Cook asks us to add that when he spoke of Scott's "Fasti" being inaccurate and inadequate, he was referring to the original edition of that work. He has since seen the two first volumes of the new edition of "Fasti" which the Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir, is editing, and finds that much fuller and more accurate information is given there about the Reverend John Mackenzie and his family. When Mr. Crockett's new edition is completed by the publication of the remaining four volumes, Scott's "Fasti" will be freed of the errors of commission and omission that make it very necessary to subject the original work to the revision Mr. Crockett is giving it.

XUM

Mr. Harold Scott, of the People's Theatre and the Everyman Theatre, is arranging to present a costume recital of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" at an entertainment which, in conjunction with Miss Elsa Lanchester and Mr. John Goss, he is giving at King George's Hall (Y.M.C.A.), Tottenham Court Road, on September 23rd. The proceeds are to be given to the "Save the Children" Fund.

Books Limited will publish in October "The Hunted Man," a humorous novel of a search for buried treasure, by Mr. Harold Begbie.

A few friends of Mrs. Humphry Ward have formed themselves into an executive committee to consider in what way it would be most desirable to commemorate her life work. They have decided unanimously to raise a memorial fund to be devoted to the furtherance of some branch of social work, preferably amongst children, to whose welfare Mrs. Ward devoted so many years of enthusiasm and ungrudging labour. A general committee is now in course of formation, under the presidency of the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., with Viscount Bryce, Viscount Milner, the Rev. Hensley Henson, D.D., Mr. Robert Bridges, and Mr. Asquith as vice-presidents. The Hon. Lady Lyttelton, Sir Valentine Chirol, Sir Hugh Bell, Bart., Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes and Mrs. Creighton are among the influential names on the first list of the committee. As a writer Mrs. Ward's name is known wherever the English language is spoken. But perhaps her greatest monument will be her pioneer work for children done through the Passmore Edwards Settlement in St. Pancras, of which she was the founder and has been the mainstay since 1897. Here Mrs. Ward started the first cripple school in co-operation with the public authority; here the first children's vacation school in England was organised, and here was, and still is, the home of the pioneer evening play centre. It is owing largely to her foresight and devotion that it is now compulsory on all education authorities to provide suitable education for physically defective children, that organised holiday playgrounds are part of the educational programme of London's Education Committee and that the Play Centre movement is spreading rapidly throughout the United Kingdom. The Settlement is also doing admirable social work through its clubs for boys and girls, its school of mothers, its concerts, lectures and library. The maintenance of this work is now seriously threatened owing to the increase in costs and diminution of income, a matter which caused Mrs. Ward grave anxiety during the last weeks of her life, and it is felt that no more fitting memorial to Mrs. Ward's life could be devised than the raising of a fund large enough to ensure the permanence of the Settlement work, including special assistance to work among children.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. F. Benson, whose new novel, "Queen Lucia" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

A very characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter from Carlyle to the Rev. David Thorn, D.D., is printed in Cassell's *Book Talk* this month. It had a narrow escape from destruction during the first of the two big daylight air-raids on London City, when part of the building in which this letter and a number of others from distinguished writers were housed was left in ruins by a bomb.

Messrs. Harrap are publishing immediately "Master Crusoe," a story of a boy's adventure on Wizard Island, by T. C. Bridges.

Miss Isabel C. Clarke, whose latest and very successful novel, "Lady Trent's Daughter" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number, is at present in Italy. She has lived mostly there for the last six years, having a permanent home in Rome, and the scenes of a new book she is now engaged upon will be laid there. Miss Clarke's novels enjoy an increasing popularity here and in America, and several of them have been translated into French, Italian, Dutch and German. The sympathetic treatment, in her stories, of the Roman Catholic faith has made her the acknowledged successor among novelists of the late Mgr. R. H. Benson. She is the sister of Mr. Robert Conings by Clarke, the distinguished composer of many well-known songs.

Miss Isabel C. Clarke.

From a pencil drawing made at Rome by Giorgio Szoldatico.

The latest volume of the "Michelin Guides to the Battle Fields of France" (4s. net) deals with the first battle of the Somme—telling the story of that Homeric conflict and describing the towns and villages through which it raged. Visitors to those battle scenes will find this an excellent and a thoroughly well informed guide.

The new novel by Mr. Ridgwell Cullum, "The Heart of Unaga," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing, is to be issued in America by Messrs. Putnam.

New reset editions of Samuel Butler's "Luck or Cunning?" and "Unconscious Memory" (8s. 6d. net each) have been added by Mr. A. C. Fifield to his now complete edition of Butler's works.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's new novel, "Black Bartlemy's Treasure," a stirring romance of piracy, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The "Meditations" of Lamartine, with a biographical note by Dr. H. F. Stewart, will be published in the autumn by the Cambridge Press.

"Modern English Statesmen," by G. R. Stirling Taylor, which Messrs. Allen & Unwin are about to publish, is a series of historical character studies reconsidering the position of modern statesmanship since the Stuart Rebellion. The same firm has in preparation a book on "The House of Commons," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Dr. Elizabeth Severn, whose study of "The Psychology of Behaviour" Messrs. Stanley Paul are publishing, is well known as one of the most succsesful practitioners of Psycho-Therapy and Mental Science.

Mr. Robert Lynd, whose new book, "The Passion of Labour," Messrs. George Bell & Son have in the press, is preparing another collection of his literary essays, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish this autumn.

"The Seven Wives of Bluebeard," translated by D. B. Stewart, has just been added by Mr. John Lane to his collected edition in English of the works of Anatole France.

A book of exceptional interest and importance that will be published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth this autumn is "The Last of the Romanovs," the true story of the massacre of the ex-Czar, Nicholas II, and his family, being the narrative of *The Times* special correspondent based on the dossier of the investigating magistrate, and a transcript of the depositions of eye-witnesses. Mr. Butterworth, who has just gone to America, is one of London's youngest publishers, and it is something of a record that, at such an early stage, he has three of the books he is publishing this year—"Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs," "The Revelations of the Rev. Vale Owen," and "The Last of the Romanovs"—simultaneously running as serials in leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Seeds of Enchantment," a tale of romance and adventure in Indo-China, by Gilbert Frankau, will

Mrs. Charlotte Mansfield, F.R.G.S.,

whose new novel, "Strings" (Westall), is attracting a good deal of attention.
From a snapshot taken in the French zone of the occupied German territory, where her husband, Lieut.-Colonel Raffalovich-Mansfield, is British delegate of the Inter-Allied Railway Commission.

be published by Messrs. Hutchinson after it has run its serial course in Hutchinson's *Story Magazine*, where the first instalment of it appears this month. Mr. Frankau's last-year novel, "The Woman of the Horizon," is to be reissued shortly in a cheaper edition.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The second volume of Mr. M. Beer's monumental "History of British Socialism" (15s. net; Bell) carries the story of the movement from the thirties and forties down to the present year. There is a full and well-informed section devoted to the rise and culmination of Chartism and the moral influence that has survived the passing of the Chartists. The studies of modern Socialism, its various organisations, the formation of the Labour Party and its relations with Socialism, are written with breadth of knowledge, a careful mastery of detail, and an art in condensation that excluding nothing essential and taking in nothing that is superfluous, yet maintain an ease and clearness of style that makes for interesting reading. It is a history of the highest value and importance, and one that will be indispensable to all students of present-day social problems.

The "Madmen" of José Mora's novel of that name (7s. net; Digby, Long) are a group of artists, musicians, writers who seem rather like survivals from the nineties when such groups were commoner, and they go through the years of the great war in a manner that justifies the title. They, even the wickedest woman of them, Mrs. Rutherford, and the idealist, Oscar, have a curious artificial air, and are less real than grotesque shadows of realities, and the spiritualistic episodes are less convincing than the more earthly developments. But the author has ability; writes well, and makes you half believe in her personages because she evidently believes in them herself.

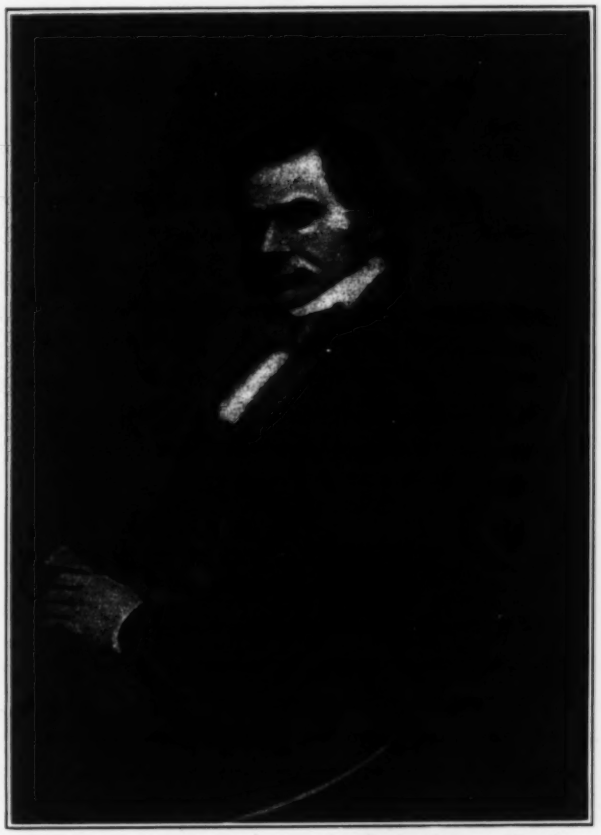
Mr. Laurence Clarke's romance of the Secret Service, "Bernard Treves's Boots" (7s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton), has all those qualities of adventure, mystery and surprise that are essential to the making of any alluring and effective story of this kind. John Manton, who has been dismissed from the Army under a cloud, finds himself persistently mistaken for a certain Lieutenant Bernard Treves, who is leaving the Army for urgent reasons of his own. A friend of Treves, struck by the amazing facial resemblance betwixt him and Manton, brings the two together, and Treves makes a bargain with his double. Manton has instant need of a hundred and fifty pounds; Treves finds the money on condition that Manton adopts his identity and allows him to drop out of sight for a time. Too late to repent, Manton finds that he has not only to deceive the other's wealthy old father and the girl he is engaged to, but that Treves having fallen into the grip of a German spy organisation has been playing the traitor and is being tracked by British Secret Service agents. How he extricates himself from these and his other dilemmas and triumphantly rehabilitates the sullied reputation he has assumed is told resourcefully and ingeniously in a well written story which carries you through a swift succession of excitements that hold even a hardened reader's interest until Manton has broken from all the tangles that involved him and has won back his own name and a good deal more.

"Tales of My Native Town" (7s. 6d. net; Eveleigh Nash) are twelve of Gabriele D'Annunzio's cleverest and most characteristic short stories. They are tales of passion, romance, adventure, sentiment and emotion,

Photo by Mendoza Galleries. **Mr. Gilbert Frankau.**

admirably translated, and with a critical introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer.

There is a good deal of freshness and vivid dramatic incident in "Colorado Jim," by George Goodchild (4s. 6d. net; Hayes). Colorado Jim, a big-natured, sturdy son of the soil, wins a fortune on the mine-fields, sells out, and travels to England, meeting with stirring adventures among women and men by the way. In England, chance brings him acquainted with the heir of a noble house which has fallen on evil days, and he is lured by the father, Lord Featherstone, into marrying his daughter, the beautiful Lady Angela, and readily parts with fifty thousand pounds to save the family from bankruptcy. From the first day of the marriage Angela makes it clear that she has no love for him; when he realises how he has been fooled, he suggests that they should live apart, and she gladly accedes to the proposal, but spends his money extravagantly without scruple. The unexpected failure of the company in which Jim's fortune is invested brings him to a sudden resolve: he will return to the West to make good again and assert his rights to the extent of compelling his wife to go with him. It is a resolve not easy of fulfilment, but he carries her off in spite of herself, and the tale of how, among the hardships and rough living at the Klondyke, he tamed her rebellious spirit, brought her back each time she fled, and finally won her love and saved his self-respect and her own is told with vigour and imagination and makes a picturesque and a powerful romance.



Thomas Henry Huxley.

From a portrait by Maull & Polyblank, 1857.

From "Thomas Henry Huxley," by Leonard Huxley (Watts), reviewed on p. 214.

Two books that should be read by all who are interested in the tercentenary of the sailing of the *Mayflower* are "John Robinson," by Walter H. Burgess (12s. 6d. net; Williams & Norgate), and "John Robinson," by the Rev. Dr. Fred J. Powicke (2s. 6d. net; Hodder & Stoughton). John Robinson was the pastor of the Pilgrims; he led them into exile at Leyden, to escape from the ecclesiastical intolerance of their own country, and under his guidance and inspired by his teachings they crossed the seas and found in the New World the freedom of thought that was denied to them in the old. Robinson stands out in the biography and history of his times that Mr. Burgess has written, and in Mr. Powicke's graphic and intimate personal study of the man as the most influential and significant figure in that community of Puritans from which the Pilgrim Fathers came.

"Chains," by S. Winsten (5s. net; C. W. Daniel) is a series of brief poems written in prison during the war by a conscientious objector. They express very simply and naturally the thoughts, feelings, emotions that came to the prisoner at work or in his cell and, however little you may sympathise with his private opinions, you recognise that he lays bare his mind with something of the poet's vision and imaginative sensitiveness as well as with the sincerity and the occasional bitterness of a man who has suffered, and is very much in earnest.

If none of the five stories in "Daisy Ashford: Her Book" (7s. net; Chatto & Windus) are quite so naïvely, queerly, unconsciously humorous as "The Young Visiters," there are bits in all of them that are as funny almost as anything in the inimitable tale of Mr. Salteena. The best of Daisy Ashford's own is the longest, "The Hangman's Daughter," and as good, or perhaps even better, is the fifth, "The Jealous Governes," a contribution by her sister Angela written at the age of eight. It is a quaint and amusing book, even though it leaves the supremacy of "The Young Visiters" unshaken.

Mr. Blackwell of Oxford has added to his excellent series of Percy Reprints that oldest of English comedies, "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (4s. 6d. net), with an introduction and a bibliographical note by Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith.

Mr. Charles S. Brooks's "Chimney-Pot Papers" (8s. 6d. net; Oxford Press) will be welcome to all who know his "Journeys to Bagdad" and "There's Pippins and Cheese to Come." His essays have something of the quaint whimsicality, the love of men and books and kindly philosophy of life that have endeared Elia already to four generations of readers. No subject comes amiss to him; he holds you pleasantly interested whether he is discoursing of certain ways of making a livelihood, of holidays, of turning forty, of the difference between wit and humour, or of a pair of leather suspenders. A quiet, restful, entertaining book, whose homely wisdom and gracious humour are as rare in present-day literature as in present-day life.

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THE READER.

ROBERT HICHENS AS PLAYWRIGHT.

By F. G. Bettany.

THOUGH the career of Mr. Robert Hichens as playwright has been lengthy—only a few years shorter than his career in the practice of fiction—it has never been prolific. As early as May, 1898, his name figured on a London play-bill, but there have been wide gaps in his dealings with the stage such as seem to argue either too easy a surrender to discouragement or a view of the drama as but a second string for his activities. It is significant that he accepted a collaborator in his first theatrical essays. Mr. Hichens is not one of those authors, of the John Galsworthy or Hubert Henry Davis type, in whom is to be seen a natural instinct for stage-technique; he had to learn by experience how vastly this differs from the technique of the novel, and since his coquettings with the footlights were intermittent he learnt but slowly. Your novelist-playwrights, many of them though there are, have not been great successes as a rule, or have only succeeded in the theatre in so far as it has received their main devotion. The one genius we have writing for the English stage, Sir James Barrie, has to all intents turned his back on the art which gave us "Auld Licht Idylls" and "Sentimental Tommy." Mr. Maugham has almost made as complete a renunciation. Those who can alternate the two media at will—the author of "Strife" for example—are rare. It has taken Mr. Hichens the best part of two decades to gain facility in what until recently was for him little more than by-work.

He began his apprenticeship, it appears, in February, 1897. So far as my recollections go—and I have refreshed them by consulting the theatre advertisements of the year of the Diamond Jubilee—credit for the authorship of "The Daughters of Babylon" was originally assigned to Mr. Wilson Barrett alone, but books of reference make Mr. Hichens claim some part in the composition of the piece. There is no reason why he should be ashamed of any share in the affair. It was popular drama of the "Claudian" variety, showing us marionettes of immaculate virtue but some rashness as hero and heroine at the mercy of persecuting villainy—indeed, they were sold at auction in one scene—and only differing from the normal stage-romance in using the Jewish Captivity as background and being garnished with semi-Biblical rhetoric. If the story was the actor's, it is just possible that the scenario was suggested by Mr. Hichens, who has certainly displayed at intervals ever since a liking for Oriental picturesqueness in the settings of both his novels and his plays.

Whatever may have been the extent of Mr. Hichens' contribution to "The Daughters of Babylon," his name was presented boldly enough on the programme when, as the result of a commission given to him and to H. D. Traill by Sir Henry Irving, "The Medicine Man" saw the light at the Lyceum. Literature seemed honoured in the commission; Irving's appearance in a play supposed to deal with modern life and written by living authors had the air of a new departure, and we were all agog with excitement when the curtain was lifted. But, alas, our hopes were dashed, and the luck of the Lyceum, already imperilled earlier in this year of '98, received from the well-meaning Hichens-Traill combination a further serious blow. Its story

Photo by Stage Photo Company.

Street Scene

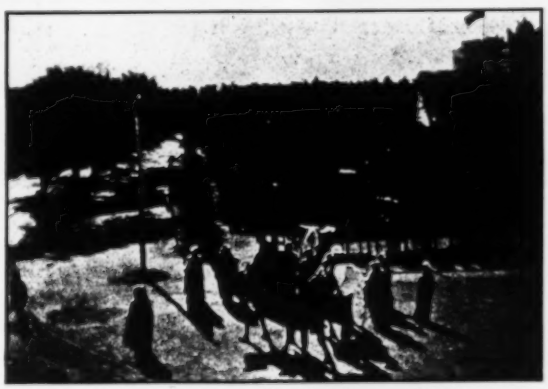
from "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Godfrey Tear's as Androvsky.

of a ghoul of a doctor, with no signs worth speaking of to demonstrate his ghoulishness, who proposed wreaking on an innocent girl his revenge for having been jilted twenty odd years before by her dead mother, was not even effective melodrama, being spoilt for that by amateurish handling. Was it the Medicine Man's idea to induce insanity in his young victim by hypnotism? Was his asylum actually a "home of horrors"? Had he been really cruel to the cured drunkard who at last murdered him, yet was set no harder task, so far as we could see, than to pick roses? Was Sylvia meant to show indications of her mother's malady? On these and other points the play was exasperatingly vague; the authors bungled their situations, and so Irving's adventure with modern playwrights missed fire. It is perhaps unkind to Mr. Hichens to rake amid such ashes of theatrical history, but he himself must take some pleasure in recalling that the greatest actor of the day gave him an opportunity and that an Ellen Terry sought to embody one of his fancies, and no chronicler of his stage experiments could well overlook the romantic features of Mr. Hichens' one association with Irving.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Robert Hichens.**

For five years after this failure the novelist gave the theatre a wide berth, and we hear of him next in connection with a stage-version of "Vanity Fair." Once more he had a partner—Mr. Cosmo Stuart—and if my memory does not play me false and this was the dramatisation in which Miss Marie Tempest played heroine, "Becky Sharp" was a thoroughly workmanlike piece of stage-carpentry, recommended by brilliant acting. Still, collaborations and adaptations, though well enough as exercises in training, should never satisfy a playwright who is worth his salt. The time comes when he must strike out for himself and abandon the crutches of other men's plots or stage-craft. This Mr. Hichens did at last in 1909 with "The Real Woman." There was not much more than promise—some sense of character, some graciousness in dialogue, some management of a scheme—in that now forgotten Criterion effort. Its heroine, a rich and fascinating widow, showed what was real in her presumably when, as the result of two men-acquaintances' bet, she went to see in Poplar a dying boy-cripple and charmed a young philanthropist, Hugh Graham, who was watching by his bedside. Graham is supposed to have startled his family by abandoning the smart world to undertake social service in the East End, and the play's problem was, would the call of philanthropy prevail in his case over the appeal of sex? Mr. Hichens' manipulation of a theme in the playhouse was still uncertain in those days, and his play had not "bite" enough to be regarded seriously nor sufficient fancy to be accepted as a fairy-tale. It secured but a short run. Its author fell back on fiction, and once more there is a big gap in Mr. Hichens' relations with our stage. He kept his hand in by a couple of adaptations he made for American managers—one seemingly his version of "The Garden of Allah," now being presented at Drury Lane—but he had to wait ten years for another chance in London.

When the time of waiting was over and Miss Marie Lohr produced at the Globe about a twelvemonth ago "The Voice From the Minaret," Mr. Hichens proved that he had learnt a few lessons in the interval. He was able now to think out a story in terms of the theatre; he had overcome his tendency towards vagueness; he introduced no characters that had not a direct concern with his plot. Once more he used Oriental surroundings, but only for the start of his drama, and he tackled courageously a perennially attractive theme—used by him already in "The Garden of Allah"—the pull within a man of the conflicting claims of passion and religion. Its first act was its best—an admirable act of exposition kept moving throughout its length; the rest was less convincing. Its hero, whose ultimate idea is to take orders, has a brief liaison with a woman of ardent temperament in the East, forgets her and becomes a clergyman, only to be confronted with her now married but still avowing her love. The flaw in the piece is this—would not any woman of refined feeling, knowing that there is a priest side in her lover and seeing that he has



Mr. Hichens starting on a desert expedition, Biskra, Sahara.

become a priest, avoid if only for his sake and for the sake of his professional reputation, throwing herself in his way and involving him in scandal? The intervention of her dying husband and his threat to expose the pair—all this is conceivable enough if her recklessness is once granted. But would not a woman of her stamp be too considerate, too proud, to precipitate such a crisis?

From a photo taken at Biskra.

"Batouch," the original of the Arab poet in "The Garden of Allah."

In the adaptation of "The Garden of Allah," with its similar topic, there is no mistake of this kind. Neither playgoers nor novel-readers need reminding surely that its scheme turns on a runaway monk's marrying a woman, who is a Catholic, without any revelation as to his career. Very cleverly in the play is the monk's gaucherie amid polite society indicated, very cunningly is the audience's curiosity about the hero stimulated, and the right solution of the tangle is adopted. No woman brought up in the Roman faith would want to hold from his vows such a husband; no former celibate, with Boris's incapacity for blotting out his past, could be happy until he had returned to his cell—once a priest always a priest is a true enough motto so far as he is concerned. The only complaint to be urged against the bare outline of Mr. Hichens' drama is that he hides the secret of Father Antoine too long from his audience, that he adopts a novelist's device in the theatre. On the whole, the rule of the stage that your hearers should never be kept in the dark works better than the policy of concealment. That the play is rhetorical drama, that the characters talk too much about their feelings and hover too long on the brink of action, is a lesser fault, and perhaps the mere employment of a big stage like that of Drury Lane as framework for a tale of passion makes for rhetoric and the suggestion of puppetry. It undoubtedly makes for a certain swamping of drama by spectacle. The camels, the mules, the goats, the sand, the sandstorm, the apparatus of the East, are all so real that over against them the raptures and despairs of the lovers seem almost artificial. Yet it is a poignant story Mr. Hichens has to tell, and it is told with thoroughgoing artistry. It is acted in the right strenuous way. Miss Madge Titherage's tears provoke tears. Mr. Godfrey Tearle manages his long harangue of explanation with adroitly modulated eloquence. Mr. Basil Gill's chivalrous Count always strikes a sympathetic note. If the scenery distracts attention from the characters it is a pity, but Mr. Hichens would have been less than human had he rejected the offer of Mr. Collins's stage. Nor can Mr. Collins be blamed for making the most of his chances for spectacle. An author who thought fit in his novel to occupy nearly one third of its space with detailed description of its desert setting, obviously attached enormous importance to "atmosphere," and the manager, with his camels and his pictures, has only followed in a different way Mr. Hichens' own example. Whether such competition with the cinema on the part of drama helps it as an art is a problem on which it would be piquant to have the opinion of the writer of "The Garden of Allah," but whatever answer he might give, it should be

Photo by Stage Photo Company.

The Recognition.

Scene from "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane Theatre.

Miss Madge Titherage as Domini. Mr. Arthur Lewis as Father Roubier. Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Androvsky.

remembered that probably not this work, but "The Voice from the Minaret," is his latest contribution to the theatre. Meantime some of his admirers, at any rate, are hoping that he will not be tempted by the "House Full" legends of Drury Lane into offering us large-scale illustrations of other printed stories of his, but will be content, now that the ball is at his feet, to forget when he turns again to play-writing that he has ever written a novel.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

By W. L. George.

THE British public every day takes greater interest in the American novel, and names such as those of Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, Miss Sophie Kerr, etc., are becoming well known. We are coming to understand that, though the American novel differs from the English novel in idiom and pitch, it has qualities of virility and originality by which we can profit. But of all the young Americans who have impressed England, only one has on his first appearance made a reputation: that is Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. His first book, "The Three Black Pennys," was published in England only in December, 1918, yet it was at once understood that there existed in America no writer comparable with him, and that in Europe his only affiliation was to Mr. Joseph Conrad. I know that, for my part, I recognised at once that here was a master of good taste and of delicate fancy.

Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer.

Mr. Hergesheimer's new novel, "Linda Condon,"* is not his most impressive, but it has this advantage, that it is devoted to exhibiting one of his conceptions of white womanhood in the American gentle classes. Linda's story is simple. Daughter of a demirep, she half falls in love, weds another, becomes the ideal of her first lover, and so away into her more elderly years. Upon this simple theme Mr. Hergesheimer erects the strong structure of a woman whose passions are cased in ice, who is all dignity, aspiration and fine disdain. Linda is profoundly moving, for her spirit never escapes from its prison. And, what is very characteristic of Mr. Hergesheimer, the book, which treats of the present day, reads like a novel of pioneer America, twenty years after independence.

This sense of the past is dominant in all Mr. Hergesheimer's works. For instance, in "The Three Black Pennys" we have a picture of successive generations of the Penny family, loving, despairing, giving way to their wild illegitimate passions, whether for women or power. None better than Mr. Hergesheimer evokes the realisation of time, and none better knows how to intoxicate himself and his readers with the emotion of beauty. For instance, he says: "The drawing-room was brilliantly lighted: there was a constant stir of yellow and apple green and coral lutestring, of white shoulders, in the gold radiance of candles like stiff rows of narcissi." He has an almost hectic feeling for stuffs, lines, women that are as gardenias, and so becomes impassioned: "Her hair was simply arranged and undecorated, she wore primrose with gauze like smoke, an apparently guileless bodice, with blurred, warm suggestions of her fragrant body. . . . Her breast rose and fell, sharply, once. Howat picked her up by the shoulders and crushed her, silk and cool gauze and mouth, against him." The secret is found not only in the aged stuffs: the passage *feels* eighteenth century. But there is another Hergesheimer whom we find in the three stories collected under the title of "Gold and Iron." The first story is not successful: melodrama does not suit our delicate limner. But the third, "The Dark Fleece," sets up the contrast Mr. Hergesheimer so wholly perceives between the bitterness, the ugliness, the energetic roughness of the fighting Puritan stock that made America, and the languidly bold good-breeding of Honora Canderay.

For Honora is first of all a lady; Mr. Hergesheimer's characters are ladies and gentlemen, of old lineage, settled fortune and worn tradition; his America is not one that got rich quick. You discover this particularly in what I like to think his best book, "Java Head." Here Mr. Hergesheimer has gone one further than the American aristocrat of Cavalier extraction; he has shown this type of traditional gentleman overwhelmed by the superior aristocracy of China. One believes in Taou Yuen, the Manchu bride of Gerrit Ammidon. She is like a painted idol, living by pride, by the remoteness of a soul carved in alabaster. She suffers the outrage of a low Western passion, and preserves her respect by a suicide which does not move, because Taou Yuen hangs too high above human

* Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

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emotion. It is perhaps in "Java Head" that one best perceives Mr. Hergesheimer's capacity for encrusted word picture. I must quote the passage in full:

"Never before had Rhoda seen such lovely clothes: A long gown with wide sleeves of blue-black satin, embroidered in peach-coloured flower petals and innumerable minute sapphire and orange butterflies, a short sleeveless jacket of sage green caught with looped red jade buttons and threaded with silver, and indigo high-soled slippers crusted and tasselled with pearls. Her hair rose from the back in a smooth burnished loop. There were long pins of pink jade carved into blossoms, a quivering decoration of paper-thin gold leaves with moonstones in glistening drops, and a band of coral lotus buds. Pierced stone bracelets hung about her delicate wrists, fretted crystal balls swung from the lobes of her ears; and clasped on the ends of several fingers were long pointed filagrees of ivory."

The Englishman who reads Mr. Hergesheimer must, however, realise that here is no imitation of our best or our worst; Mr. Hergesheimer, like his great predecessors, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, W. D. Howells, is wholly American. His phrase sometimes seems strange; he makes grammar as he goes; here and there, among the chalcedony, the paduasoy, the samit, we find rank Yankee echoes that jar into protest the rustling folds of his bombazine. It is well so: nationalism is of the essence of art. And so, when we consider what already Mr. Hergesheimer has done, we must ask ourselves what will this Pennsylvanian gentleman do? It would be patronising to prophesy; it is more graceful and more just to thank him for the present satisfaction of his promises.

J. C. SQUIRE.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Squire is one of our youngest authors, his career has a variety of which older men might well be envious. He was at Cambridge in the brilliant years of Rupert Brooke; when he came down he combined such unlikely tastes as work in the Press gallery of the House of Commons with parodies of modern authors, translations from Baudelaire and a life of William the Silent. This last is the only thing of his I have not read, not through any ill will to Mr. Squire, nor from any doubt that he has made a good book out of his subject, but from an early and incurable distaste to the rulers of the House of Orange. Later on he did much towards making the reputation of that enterprising, if rather volatile publishing firm, Stephen Swift—a name which stands to the late Edwardian and early Georgian periods as a dim simulacrum of what Smithers meant to the curious and esotoric nineties. And as Smithers was the first to publish Max's caricatures, so Stephen Swift published the great series on John Bull, else withheld from the public gaze. Mr. Squire wrote for the *New Age*—a fate which few men of his period were able to escape; and with the establishment of the *New Statesman*, became the assistant editor and was responsible for the literary side of that weekly. During the war—he was turned down repeatedly by the medical officers—he remained at the *New Statesman*, and was also latterly associated with *Land and Water*, which he edited for a short time until the foundation of the *London Mercury*, which has so quickly assumed a settled position among English monthlies. It is evident that here is plenty of opportunity for a great deal of discursive writing. I might choose to discuss Mr. Squire as an editor, as a parodist, as the representative of a school of criticism which has made enemies as well as friends; but I do not intend to do any of these things, but incidentally, in writing on his poetry, I shall be bound to discuss his critical attitude. What I want to do is to deal with his creative work, work not very large in bulk, but amazing if one considers the multifarious activities of the writer.

II.

Leaving out of account a first volume of verse, subsequently withdrawn by the author, Mr. Squire's most notable work is contained in "Imaginary Speeches," "Steps to Parnassus," "The Three Hills," "The Survival of the Fittest," "Tricks of the Trade," "The Gold Tree," "The Lily of Malud," "The Birds" and "The Moon." He has published a collected edition of his poems up to 1918, and two volumes of selections from the causeries about books issued under the pseudonym of Solomon Eagle. There are a few people, I suppose, who still associate Mr. Squire with his parodies. I am afraid I have never quite appreciated his high reputation for parody. He seems to me to be too often content to produce—he does it incomparably well—such a poem as the author parodied might easily write; or a bad individual poem, instead of a typical piece in which the victim's characteristics are caught and then given that irresistible twist which reduces the reader to laughter. Our supreme parodist is Max, who never fails except when he is inspired by mere hatred, as he seems to be in his parodies on Kipling. I think Mr. Squire is successful, but not supremely so, with such comparatively easy game as Maeterlinck; but to parody Maeterlinck you only have to alter the playwright's own emphasis. All his lines are thin ropes, with laughter on one side and horror on the other, and the author may as easily come down on the right as on the left. I have enjoyed the lyrics from the newspapers; and the career of Marmaduke Augustus Breeze, as told in "A Modern Biographical Study," is a very pleasant exercise in the manner of Mr. Belloc. For those who enjoy his parodies "Tricks of the Trade" is certainly the best volume; but I would give all the parodies for that priceless little volume of burning epigrams, that chaplet of rage not unworthy of Byron, "The Survival of the Fittest."

To me the most surprising thing about Mr. Squire as a poet is that he should have started by translating Baudelaire. It is true these versions do not appear in any volume later than "The Three Hills" (1913); but few lovers of "The Lily of Malud" or "The Birds" would guess, I think, that Mr. Squire had worshipped at that particular shrine. It seems as odd as his excessive valuation of the work of Flecker, that Parnassian whose beautiful, lifeless, marmoreal garlands are far more poetical exercises than the verses of such minor

poets as Dowson and the other Bodleyites whom Mr. Squire cannot away with. For Mr. Squire, in his most characteristic work, stands for the precisely opposite theory and practice of poetry. The Parnassian, even at his highest, even Herédia, does show something of allegiance to the poetical exercise. He is more concerned with poetical expression than with poetical emotion; with perfection of style than with intensity of feeling. One may believe, I think, that when the feeling is intense enough, in the rare moments when passion and art meet to create, a perfect thing will be made, whatever the mode of the ending be. Yet some of us, who prefer the acting of Duse to the acting of Bernhardt, will always prefer a song of Blake's to a song of Tennyson's. Leaving aside, then, the great poems of the great poets, we come to the work of the lesser men and the lesser work of the great men. There is much to be said for the Parnassian theory if you are writing a long poem. Nothing is more tiresome than to try and read a long poem in which the author has relied almost entirely on the original passion of his idea and neglected his form. But over-devotion to the Parnassian theory will induce a man to write when there is no sufficient impulse, when his concern is only with words, not with emotions or ideas—and you get so melancholy an exhibition as the later work of Swinburne. And, as is obvious in that work, if the poet pays attention only, or chiefly, to the verbal beauty, he will miss that beauty too, in time. Those whose emotional impulse does not really justify the writing of their poems fail in that essential of all art—they fail to interest. They may not write bad poems, but they do write boring ones.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

J. C. Squire.

It is here I find Mr. Squire's early attachment to Baudelaire curious. You can argue that Baudelaire is a pathetic figure, a first-rate character for a gloomy novel; but is there any denying, that in spite of their achieved perfection, in spite of their intellectual force, and their occasional sincerity, his poems are really rather tiresome. The particular pose of gloom, of diabolism, of perverse and morbid curiosity shows a dull intelligence, a mind insufficiently aware of the possibilities in the world. Baudelaire is an invalid, and he managed to force himself on the world's attention with the frantic despair of the sick, the really sick who want you to sympathise not with them, but with their diseases. They think themselves more subtle, these sad prisoners of the soul, but really their psychology is precisely the same as that of the old cottager who unwinds yards of dirty flannel to show the district visitor some septic and neglected wound. I have dwelt rather long on Baudelaire because I believe he has had an importance on Mr. Squire's career; I believe he represents a tendency with which Mr. Squire has had to fight, an order of ideas and emotions which he knows to be wrong but which have for him an attraction that he has not always found it easy to overcome.

How successfully he has overcome it can be judged by any reader of the Collected Poems. A volume which is most remarkable in its bold spirit of experiment, both in style and emotion, and its steady devotion to sanity and that central beauty which an artist can neglect only at his peril. Mr. Squire, like Mr. Chesterton, may have learned strange words and to love strange shapes in the camp of the enemy, but he will use the weapons of the foe against him. How splendidly and confidently the very rhythms and even the catch phrases of the decadence are used in quite another service in such a poem as "Artemis Altera."

"O full of candour and compassion,
Whom love and worship both would praise,
Love cannot frame nor worship fashion
The image of your fearless ways!

'How show your noble brow's dark pallor,
Your chivalrous casque of ebon hair,
Your eyes' bright strength, your lips' soft valour,
Your supple shoulders and hands that dare?

"Our souls when naïvely you examine,
Your sword of innocence, flaming, huge,
Sweeps over us and there is famine
Within the ports of subterfuge.

"You hate contempt and love not laughter;
With your sharp spear of virgin will
You harry the wicked strong; but after,
O huntress who could never kill,

"Should they be trodden down or piercèd,
Swift, swift you fly with burning cheek
To place your beauty's shield reversèd
Above the vile defenceless weak!"

Mr. Squire never lingered long in the house whose fountains were fashioned in chrysoprase and whose gutters gushed with absinthe. He found the older beauty, and found it truer, more real and more terrible than the tired, painted, listless loveliness which is cunning in the use of powder and patchouli

III.

In each generation the artist of genius has to fight over again that battle which all masters of every art have been unable to escape—the battle to find the truth between the spirit and the conventions of art. There will be some rebels who will deny the need for any convention; some dullards, good craftsmen possibly, will work unaware of the need of the spirit; but the few will have to fight. Mr. Squire has headed in his generation, in his practice at least, a conflict not dissimilar from that which Wordsworth initiated in the last year of the eighteenth century. Especially is Mr. Squire like Wordsworth in diction. It will be remembered that Wordsworth, in his famous preface so misrepresented by Coleridge, claimed not to use the form of prose in verse, but denied to poetry the right to such nonsense as "Church-going bells," and claimed that simple poems about simple people should be entitled to simple language. Since the time of Wordsworth one might argue that the range of simple language has been considerable enlarged. The Georgians of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries spoke with a convention, a ceremony and a sedate regard for classical speech which was in strong contrast to their brutality of manner and occasional cruelty of habit. To-day we are gentle in manner, more humane, more quiet, but considerably less mannered in speech. Our common language follows Lamb rather than Wordsworth; and so one should not expect Mr. Squire's poems of simplicity to be really like Wordsworth's. Nevertheless he is in the true Wordsworthian tradition in that heart-breaking poem, "To a Bull-Dog."

"And though you run expectant as you always do
To the uniforms we meet,
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers
In even the longest street,

"Nor in any crowd; yet strange and bitter thought,
Even now were the old words said,
If I tried the old trick and said, 'Where's Willy?'
You would quiver and lift your head.

"And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,
And wait for the word to spring,
Sleep undisturbed: I shan't say *that* again,
You innocent old thing.

"I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,
While you lie asleep on the floor;
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,
And he won't be coming here any more."

It is frequently argued by those who have not read Wordsworth's preface that he was false to his own theory in some of his best poems—such as "Tintern Abbey," the ode on "Intimations of Immortality," "Laodamia," and many of the Sonnets. Wordsworth, on the contrary, expressly claimed a place for high, poetic language. "If the poet's subject be judiciously chosen, it will naturally, and upon fit occasions, lead him to passions the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated and alive with metaphors and figures."

This is peculiarly true of Mr. Squire's most beautiful poem "The Lily of Malud," for this remains, I think, in spite of the many notable things in "Rivers," "The Birds" and "The Moon," his most splendid, as it is his most ambitious, poem. "The Lily of Malud" has that entrancing air belonging to poems and pictures which seem to say more than even their authors know—to hold a music which he has heard, no doubt, but has hardly hoped ever to express. It is not a room, furnished neatly or roughly, as are many of our modern poems—it is a window, and each time you look out of it you are uncertain what of beauty and wonder and surprise you may not see. It is very rare among modern poem writers: for most modern poets, except Mr. Yeats and Mr. Chesterton, are positive, know what they see, and thrust your nose down on to it. One knows what one of the "poet-ists" would have made of the subject.

"I love mud . . . yellow, thick, obscene.
And the lilies of mud,
And the base faces and stunted figures
Of the half-wit girls who worship the lilies
And yammer in the mud.
Ugh! You hideous girls!
I will trample you into the thick mud
And watch the ooze bubble over your frothing mouths
Until a new lily grows
Monstrous,
Blood-stained,
Opulent with odorous mud."

The poet who professes to render what he sees, can render nothing; for a thing seen is not seen until it is felt, and feeling provokes thought, and you cannot think without a philosophy, and a philosophy must point you backwards or forwards. Mr. Squire's points forwards. He knows there is beauty in the mud-bred lily.

"And the surly thick-lipped men, as they sit about their huts
Making drums out of guts, grunting gruffly now and then,
Carving sticks of ivory, stretching shield of wrinkled skin,
Smoothing sinister and thin squatting gods of ebony,
Chip and grunt and do not see.
But each mother, silently,
Longer than her wont stays shut in the dimness of her hut,
For she feels a brooding cloud of memory in the air,
A lingering thing there that makes her sit bowed
With hollow shining eyes, as the night fire dies,
And stare softly at the ember, and try to remember
Something sorrowful afar, something sweet and vaguely seen
Like an early evening star when the sky is pale green:
A quiet silver tower that climbed in an hour,
Or a ghost like a flower, or a flower like a queen:
Something holy in the past that came and did not last. . . .
But she knows not what it was."

None of Mr. Squire's other long poems has quite so serene a beauty as "The Lily of Malud." The earlier ones—"Ode in a Restaurant" and "The Mind of Man"—are weakened by the poet's effort to combine his faith in the beauty of the world with his knowledge of the world's horror. The later ones—"The Birds," "The Rivers" and "The Moon," have not the perfection of form, nor quite the same certainty of thought. "The Moon," which is the latest, has passages of great beauty; but to me it has not the wonder, nor the technical freshness which I expect from Mr. Squire. It is the most formal poem—except for his few sonnets—which Mr. Squire has written; and he has been chilled by his rather rigid scheme. He allows himself in this poem a licence of "poetic language" which, so far as I remember, has been absent from his earlier poems. No doubt the Moon must be addressed as Thou; but it is a surprise to find Mr. Squire writing, "High over all this England doth she ride," when both the inversion and the "doth" serve no purpose but to eke out the line and help the poet to a rhyme. The weakest thing in the poem is, however, a fundamental one. Mr. Squire's actual thought is confused. He hesitates between the Moon, Artemis,

Diana, the great Queen of Endymion, who is always the same through all changes, and mere, actual, visible moons. This seems to me to lower the dignity of the poem, as though a poet were to confuse Dionysus with the bottle of Romanée Conti he drank in 1913. Yet I know none of our younger poets who could produce lines of greater beauty than some of the stanzas. Is there not a rare pulse of passion in these lines ?

" Alone and sad, alone and kind and sweet,
But always peaceful and removed and proud,
Whether such loveliness revealed complete,
Or veiling from our vision in a cloud :
Our souls' eternal listener, could we wonder
That men who made of sun and storm and thunder
The awful forms of strong divinity,
Heard in each storm the noise of travelling feet,
Should, gazing at thy face with hearts made free,
Have felt a pure, immortal Power in thee ?

" Selene, Cynthia and Artemis,
The swift, proud goddess with the silver bow,
Diana, she whose downward-bending kiss
One only knew, tho' all men yearned to know ;
The shepherd on a hill his flock was keeping,
The night's pale huntress came, and found him sleeping ;
She stooped : he woke, and saw her hair that shone,
And lay, drawn up to cool and timeless bliss
Lapt in her radiant arms, Endymion,
All the still night, until the night was gone.

" By many names they knew thee, but thy shape
Was woman's always, transient and white :
A flashing huntress leaving hinds agape,
A sweet descent of beauty in the night :
Yet some, more fierce and more distraught than dreaming,
Brooded, until they fashioned from thy seeming,
A lithe and luring queen with fatal breath ;
A witch the men who saw could not escape,
A snare that gleamed in shadowy groves of death ;
The tall tiaraed Syrian Ashtoreth."

It is too early yet to say what Mr. Squire's position will be : but all his work has the air of work done by a man for whom poetry is the serious business of life. His impatience at facility, at ease and professionalism in verse, shown often enough in the Solomon Eagle papers, is evidence of this. And, amongst " Georgians," he is remarkable as exhibiting a real reverence for tradition, and a knowledge of what has been done in traditional form, together with a desire to experiment in ways which occasionally make his admirers rather aghast. He has not quite got Mr. Yeats's uncanny verbal or rhythmical sensitiveness—a sensitiveness which makes most other musical poetry seem mechanical and automatic ; but he has a power to transfuse ordinary language, and to produce very rare effects by an economy of means which makes the old poetical machinery seem banal and chattering. Some of his short lyrics, like " The March " and " Behind the Lines," have the effect of music—the sorrow of them breaks out like the lonely cry of the pipes, or the shrill rising of the keen. He has, too, that universal touch which was almost lost to English poetry in the frenzied, analytic individualism of the nineties ; he writes for people, not for a coterie.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best record, in not more than 300 words, of a personal experience which has convinced the writer that human beings are, or are not, masters of their own fates.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

" MARY ROSE " and " PETER PAN " SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS. *See page* 185.

Mr. Julian Magnussen,

whose remarkable book of communications from the Spirit World, " God's Smile," Messrs. Appleton are publishing shortly.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The Prize for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to L. M. Priest, of 71, Gipsy Lane, Norwich, and Gladys Vera Yates, of Dulverton, Somerset, for the following :

MARY OF THE SORROWS.

Hide thy face ! Hide thy face !
Lest thy grief should strike me dead ;
Sorrow like an aureole
Glimmers round thy head.

Never saw I eyes like thine,
Eyes so mournful and so grave,
Shadowed pools above whose heart
Boughs of sorrow wave.

Hide thy face ! Hide thy face !
Lest thy lips that make no moan,
Like Medusa's dreadful smile,
Turn my heart to stone.

Never saw I grief like thine ;
Never saw I grief so still. . . .
Was it *thou* they crucified
On a windy hill ?

L. M. PRIEST.

PETITION AND REPLY.

Lo ! at the shadowed eventide
When dove-like droops the sky,
I walked in dream-companionship
With Heavenly Beauty nigh,
That soft petitioning at length
Might meet with sweet reply.

I asked (and knew not what I asked)
That veils might fall aside,
That unincarnate Beauty stand
Openly at my side,
That I, unrobed of earthly dress,
Clasp the eternal Bride.

So might I see the sunset's heart,
And hear the daisy's tale,
So learn the lovely secrecies
Hid in that temple frail,
Know with what sanctity of song
The birds high Heaven assail.

I asked, and knew not what I asked,
Till flamed upon the gloom
A bush afire with golden light,
A simple bush of broom :
Yet my entreating spirit quailed
Before that shining bloom.

" Ah, fool ! " I cried to my own heart,
" Who seek the unveiled bliss,
Yet canst not bear the burning gaze
Of beauty such as this ;
But shake to its impassioned power
As maid to a first kiss.

' Wilt thou reject the sacrament
Of every way-side weed ?
The bread of Beauty is dispensed
All day to meet thy need ;
Is broken in the bud and flower
That laugh along the mead.

" A little door can let in Heaven :
A leaf, a bud, a bell
Irradiant with the light of God
Secrets divine can tell :
All flesh is consecrate since Christ
Therein did lowly dwell."

Still strayed I through the drooping dusk
With Heavenly Beauty nigh ;
And in that dream-companionship
Learnt lowly things are high ;
And knew that soft petitioning
Had met with sweet reply.

GLADYS VERA YATES.

We also select for printing :

IMMUTABILITY.

If they should say my name to you,
On some still night in summer time,
And the kind silence, broken through
By the once well-beloved chime
Ring not so gladly as of old—
You shall have no reproach, no tears,
Nor shiver, suddenly a-cold,
For all things alter with the years.

If we should stand as now we stand,
And feel no fire on us descend,
And no response of hand to hand,
And all our joyance be at end :
Let us look Fate between the eyes,
Quietly, and withouten fear,
We will have neither cheats nor lies,
Only sweet memories, my dear.

For here is change, and here unrest,
Nor any foothold very sure,
And not for aye the sheltering breast
For one beloved may endure.
The voices call from worlds unseen,
Ever unclasped our rapture flies,
The glamour of the might-have-been
Drifts, like a veil before our eyes.

Yet, should they name my name to you,
And you, forgetting me, should pass ;
Even the wind, that whispers through
The fluting reed-pipes of the grass
Would take my voice and cry aloud,
My tears would fall in silver dew. . . .
There shall be neither light nor cloud
Ere I shall have forgotten you !

(G. Laurence Groom, 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park Road, N.W.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Theodore B. Andrews (Belfast), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), John Dronsfield (Prestwich), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Stanley Stokes (Heavitree), E. C. Axford (Alfriston), N. Langton (Muswell Hill), Percy Allott (London, W.), Myfanwy Pryce (Spilsby), Rachel Bates (Great Crosby), Faith Hearn (Florence), Annie L. Knowles (Manchester), M. D. Baynes (Pitchcombe), Phyllis Beadall (Gloucester), C. M. Rossiter (Barbados), A. Parker (Littlehampton), Lorna Keeling Collard (Wincanton), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), R. Scott Frayne (Timperley), J. G. Nicholson (Hornsey), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Doreen Hateley (Walsall), Gerald Dudley Machanck (King William's Town, S.A.), M. A. Williams (London, W.), Edith Potter (Chapel-en-le-Frith), F. Kinnaird Scrymgeour (Newport-on-Tay), Gwladys V. Smallpiece (Felsted), J. A. Callard (Chesham Bois), J. D. Choksi (Bombay), Grace J. Murray (Poverty Bay, N.Z.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss A. M. Fenn, of Alston Court, Nayland, near Colchester, for the following :

DEVELOPMENT. By W. BRYHER. (Constable.)

" Here's a leg for a babe of a week ! "
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother.*

We also select for printing:

THE OTHER PERSON. By FERGUS HUME. (White.)

"And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like 'Julian.'"
KIPLING, *Pink Dominoes* (*Departmental Ditties*).

(V. A. Beckley, Whinny Rigg Cottage, Hatching Green, Harpenden, Herts.)

THE VOICE OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND. By ALAN J. THOMPSON. (Sampson Low.)

"This life is most jolly."
SHAKESPEARE, *Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind.*

(Alice Andrews Dale, 26, Harlow Moor Drive, Harrogate.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best advice to young persons about to marry is awarded to C. F. Bause, of 3, Gillesgate, Durham, for the following:

TO YOUNG PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.

To make your married life a success rely on common sense. Cupid is blind and wilful! Do not "strike an attitude" for you cannot maintain it, and with the disillusionment comes sorrow. Do not neglect one another. Be cheerful, everything has a humorous side; find it. Beware of trifles magnified into importance. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." No man can be a hero to his wife—but he can be a gentleman. Intimacy is no excuse for rudeness. Keep your intellect bright. Read Mr. Micawber's advice on expenditure, but buy books, pay the baker, and save a little.

We also select for special commendation the advice sent by Elsie Johnson (Hull), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Mrs. Malcom Thomson (Hampstead), L. E. O'Hanlon (Hook), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartlepool), Grace G. Webb (Southam), H. Legge (Alresford), M. Pesci (Highbury), Andrea Lucey (Felsted), D. M. Dennington (Chelsea), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Beatrice Mainwaring; May W. Harrison (Bracebridge Heath), Norman H. Johnson (Hornsea Bridge), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), M. C. Stanley (Sale), George Young (Mitcham), E. A. Arnold (Reading).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Isabelle Griffin, of Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton, for the following:

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN EUROPEAN THOUGHT. EDITED BY F. S. MARVIN. (Oxford University Press.)

Here are twelve essays, each written by a master of his subject, which contrive to give in remarkably small compass, a synthetic view of the intellectual and spiritual history of Europe for the last fifty years. It seems almost invidious, when every section is dealt with so tersely and capably, to single out for special praise Professor Herford's delightful study of "Modern Poetry." The final impression given by this interesting and valuable book is that despite the ever-increasing growth of knowledge in old and new directions, all truth is one and indivisible, all thought has one goal.

We also select for printing:

SOME WELSH CHILDREN. By the AUTHOR OF "FRATERNITY." (Elkin Mathews.)

Anyone who wants to recapture the "careless rapture" of his childhood, should read "Some Welsh Children" by the author of "Fraternity." In these charming studies it is borne in upon the reader that, in essentials, all children are alike: Dick, the Rocking-Horse, we feel sure, has been ridden in a hundred nurseries; his inside filled with marbles by the same ingenious method. The author knows many secrets about children; but the secret of the book's appeal is that all of us, however far away our childhood is, realise that these "Welsh Children" are just what we ourselves used to be.

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

Cover design

from "Julia Takes Her Chance," by Concordia Merrel (Selwyn & Blount), which is reviewed in this Number.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This is an excellent example of the magazine story expanded into a full-sized novel. The plot is of airy structure, the characters—who include a peer, a chorus girl, a distressed "Lady Maud," a taxicab, a rich American and a comic page-boy—are lightly tossed from one ludicrous situation to another, and the right couples pair gaily off at the last. But these stale ingredients are so cunningly and unconventionally mixed by Mr. Wodehouse, and handled with so exactly the right touch of breezy humour, that the result is a really amusing book for holiday reading.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We also select for special commendation from the numerous reviews received those by Hester Joyce (Liskeard), C. M. Young (Battersea Park), Irene Lalonde (Bath), J. G. Nicholson (London, N.), Hermione Gingold (London, N.W.), Ethel M. Carpenter (Coleshill), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), M. G. Hull (Dunkeld), W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), E. B. Durrant (Hampstead), J. Oliver (Melton Constable), Edward D. Lacy (Manchester), R. G. Wyatt (Barnes), Lucy J. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Leonard Taylor (Brixton), Ethel Webster (Bristol), A. M. E. Parker (Littlehampton), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Margaret W. Wakefield (Bury St. Edmunds).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mary J. Machar, of The Gardens, Castle Eden, Co. Durham.

XUM

THE OTHER LANDOR.

By Stephen Wheeler.

RARELY since the days of Castor and Pollux, the author of "Gebir" maintained, had there been two such remarkable brothers as himself and Robert Eyres Landor. Remarkable they both were; but few people would agree that Robert, younger of the twain, left an indelible mark as a writer. Walter Savage, however, believed, or professed to believe, that this was precisely what Robert had succeeded in doing. His brother's poetry, he gravely assured Lady Blessington, in a letter which has never been published, "appears to me to surpass by many degrees the best our country has produced in the present century or the last." What may perhaps be thought a weightier, if even a more startling appreciation, was Swinburne's, in whose judgment Robert Landor's genius was as thoroughly and nobly and characteristically English as Chaucer's or Shakespeare's, Milton's or Wordsworth's. And if this should be set aside as only another instance of the hyperbolic vein in which Swinburne was wont to indulge, whether in laudation or the reverse, it must not be forgotten that he coupled with his own opinion Jowett's. Seldom, he declared, had he seen the Master of Balliol more impressed than by the noble and pathetic tragedy of "The Earl of Brecon," which was one of three dramas published by Robert Landor in 1841. Needless to add, they have never been put on the stage, and maybe not more than a dozen people have read them. Mr. Leslie Stephen, indeed, in his article on Walter Savage Landor in the "Dictionary of National Biography," alluded to Robert's "Earl of Brecon"; but in a way that proved he knew very little about it. For he observed that Walter's "Fra Rupert," also a drama not for the stage, "showed a curious resemblance, due probably to unconscious recollection, to the plot of a play called 'The Earl of Brecon,' published by his brother Robert in 1824." As a matter of fact there is no resemblance, curious or otherwise, between the two plots. Mr. Leslie Stephen, moreover, was wrong in his dates. Robert's play was published not in 1824, but two years after the appearance of Walter's "Fra Rupert"; so that if there had been any unconscious recollection, Robert would be the plagiarist.

Since mistakes of this sort have crept into our standard works of reference, some authentic information about Robert Eyres Landor and his writings may not be amiss. Born in Warwick on May 10th, 1781, he was six years and a few months younger than the more celebrated Walter. He was given the name of Eyres in memory of his maternal grandmother, daughter of Henry Eyres, of Radford Semele, Warwickshire, a lady from whom Walter is said to have inherited his leonine look. The name of Robert was given to the child by his godfather, Sir Robert Lawley, afterwards Lord Wenlocke. Sir Robert and Dr. Landor, father of the brothers, were close friends. The elder brother, when past seventy, remembered going as a boy with his father to Canwell, Sir Robert's country seat. "Landor," their host said to the Doctor, "how many bottles of port have we drunk together just about here?" "Better talk of dozens, Sir Robert," was the reply. Three of the young Landors, Walter, Henry and Charles, went to Rugby; but Robert, the youngest, was educated at Bromsgrove Grammar School, whence, in 1796, he obtained a scholarship at Worcester College, Oxford. He was elected to a fellowship and took orders in 1804, his first charge being a curacy at Colton, Staffordshire. On coming, at his father's death, into possession of a moderate income, he resigned his Oxford fellowship, holding that such benefactions were only intended for men without private means. His next curacy was at Wyke Regis, in Dorsetshire, a change of residence which accounts for the long Latin poem, *Ad Fratrem*, in Walter's "Simonidea." The rector left his curate to do all the work both in Wyke parish and on Portland Island; and the Rev. Robert, finding the combined duties too onerous, gave himself a prolonged holiday.

In the year of Waterloo Robert went with his brother Walter to France and Italy. There is a brief account of the journey, mainly based on Robert's recollection of it, in Forster's biography of the elder Landor; and one incident, described in Robert's words, may here be related:

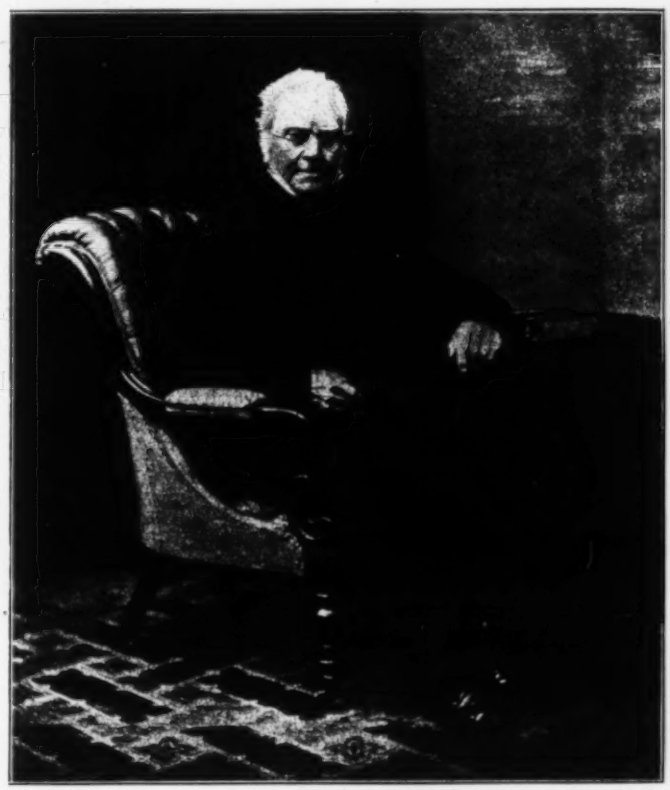
> "At Moulins the Prince of Hesse, with all his staff, was at the same hotel, and amused himself whilst we were at supper by standing with another officer and looking at Walter's wife. I ordered the door to be shut in his face. As this was done by an Englishman he only laughed. If it had been done by a Frenchman or a German there would have been no laughter on either side."

In 1817 the Rev. Robert Landor became Vicar of St. Michael's, Hughenden, being presented to the living by Mr. John Norris, the squire of Hughenden House, on the understanding, it would seem, that he should make way eventually for Mr. Norris's son-in-law. At any rate, he left Hughenden in 1825. During his incumbency he was appointed honorary chaplain to the Prince Regent; but either because he disliked even an occasional appearance at court, or had no very good opinion of his Royal Highness, he did not retain the dignity long. One of his parishioners, a Mrs. Dumbleton, wrote of him fifty years later:

> "I need not say how eloquent and excellent his sermons were, and his conversation was something wonderful. Our great delight used to be to get him to talk in the twilight; and when he paused, how anxiously some few of us would make a remark to set him going again, we were so afraid of his getting up and wishing us good evening."

How he spent the four years that followed his resignation of the Hughenden living is not very clear. His brother Walter, now settled in Italy, was bringing out five volumes of Imaginary Conversations, but, so far as is known, Robert's only production at this time was a poem founded on the biblical story of Babylon. He took a curacy at Stockton, in Warwickshire, for a few months; living chiefly, however, at Tenby, where some of his Norris cousins were settled, and where, long before, Walter had fallen hopefully in love with a golden-haired Ione, otherwise known as Nancy Jones. At Tenby, it is said, Robert "prosecuted his taste for ship-building," an odd pursuit for a clergyman. Early in 1829 he

moved to Birlingham, his mother having acquired the presentation to the rectory; and in that pleasant Worcestershire village he passed the remainder of his days. He never married, and rarely left the parish. For a good forty years he was never absent on a Sunday; nor till eighty years of age was he ever absent from his pulpit on that day. "He has a good library," Walter told Lady Blessington, "some fine pictures, and a large garden kept in excellent order. This is all I know about him except his poetry." The Countess, most likely without consulting either of the brothers, asked the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, to nominate Robert as Provost of Worcester. Writing in January, 1839, the Duke told her he had been consulting archbishops, bishops, and heads of colleges about the choice to be made from seventy candidates, "but it had never occurred to me to consult the ladies, and I return my thanks to the one who has assisted me with her counsel." He was apprehensive, however, that he could hold out no expectations to Mr. Landor, and there the matter doubtless ended. When Madden's "Life of Lady Blessington," in which this letter was printed, came out, Walter was "surprised and confounded." He did not think, he said, that Robert would have accepted the charge had it been offered to him.



Rev. Robert Eyres Landor, M.A. 1781-1869.

At Birlingham Robert Eyres Landor died, aged eighty-seven, on January 26th, 1869. There was a brief sketch of his life in the *Worcestershire Journal*, written by a clergyman who had formerly been his curate. "His standard of clerical duty," it said, "was not a low or self-indulgent one. He was in the habit of reading through the Bible in the Greek version every year. On Christmas Day and Good Friday, after full morning service and communion, he made a point of visiting and administering the sacrament to every sick or infirm person in his parish." Other extracts from this appreciation will be found in Forster's "Life of Walter Landor"; but they scarcely give a vivid impression of the worthy parson. Happily some of his private letters have been preserved, and they might help to suggest a more distinct as well as a pleasing portraiture. It would not do to print them in full, for they touch too largely on matters of interest only to friends and relatives; but passages are not wanting to show how the old Rector's days were spent apart from the careful discharge of his duties to the church. In one letter he thanks a young lady, a distant cousin, for the gift of a pair of screens, so beautiful, he tells her, that he could only look at them now and then. "They must not remain uncovered even in my rather lady-like drawing-room, though surrounded by pictures by Raphael, Parmigiano, Ludovico Caracci and Cuyp." The allusion to his pictures is worthy of particular note. Robert and Walter Landor were alike in their sedulously cultivated taste for the fine arts, painting especially. It is sometimes said that Walter loved pictures unwisely, and was always buying execrable daubs in the fond belief that they were by great masters. He was not infallible; but it is altogether a mistake to imagine that he was easily taken in. Both he and his brother Robert knew a good picture when they saw it, and each rejoiced in the possession of really fine paintings. Some which belonged to Walter are now in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford; and the importance of these has been justly recognised by Dr. Borenius in his catalogue of the collection.

Another point of resemblance between the brothers was noted by Walter in a letter to Lady Blessington. "Neither of us is good-tempered; I am perhaps the worse of the two." One day a pedlar called at the Rectory and was too importunate in pressing his wares on the servants. There was an altercation; and the Rector, coming out of his lady-like drawing-room, ordered him off the premises. The fellow seemed loath to depart and was insolent; whereupon Mr. Landor had him seized and put into the village stocks. This led to a charge of assault, the pedlar swearing at Pershore Petty Sessions that he had been struck several times by the Reverend gentleman who, he asserted, had also called him a d—d scoundrel. Since the Rector was only fined a pound, one may surmise that the magistrates could not accept the pedlar's tale as strictly veracious.

The list of Robert Landor's published writings given by Leslie Stephen in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is both inaccurate and incomplete. He was the author of the following volumes in prose and verse:

"An Essay on the Character and Doctrines of Socrates." Oxford: 1802.

XUM

"The Count Arezzi"; a tragedy in five acts. London: John Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place. 1824.

"The Impious Feast"; a poem in ten books. London: J. Hatchard & Son, 187, Piccadilly. 1827.

"The Earl of Brecon"; a tragedy in five acts. "Faith's Frauds"; a tragedy in five acts. "The Ferryman"; a drama in five acts. London: Saunders & Otley. 1841.

"The Fawn of Sertorius." London: Longmans. 1846.

"The Fountain of Arethusa." London: Longmans. 1848.

My copy of the 1841 volume belonged to Robert Browning; and I have succeeded the first Baron Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice, in possession of "The Fawn of Sertorius"—a story founded on Plutarch's life of the Roman general—and "The Fountain of Arethusa." The author of "The Fawn," when he sent the book to his brother Henry, wrote some verses on a fly-leaf which I am allowed to quote. They throw a kindly light on the character and tastes of Robert and Henry Eyres Landor.

"Lover of all things fair, of Flowers, Birds, Beasts—
Of all things fair or gentle, Brother Harry!
Pleased while the Martins claim their last year's nests
To teach which kinds come first, which longest tarry;
But oft as grieved to mark how short life's span
When Fate bows down the Lapwing's high-plumed head,
Or smites King Charles's Spaniel, black and tan,
Old, blind, yet prescient of his Master's tread.
Read what is written of a Fawn: for she
Was fairest, gentlest, faithfullest! The pride
Of Warriors stooped before her sanctity.
Read how she loved till death, and where she died."

(————————)

New Books.

LITTERÆ HUMANIORES.*

The most remarkable fact about the present King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge is precisely the fact that he is the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. He is so completely and delightfully the very man for the job that his appointment (in this land of jobs) is little less than a miracle. We are bound to add that it is an appointment that needed some bold and creditable prescience, for the historian of Troy Town had never struck a large and delighted public as the embodiment of academic dignity and professorial gravity. Others there were, abounding in these reputable qualities, men with fixed respectable opinions about all the fixed respectable figures, and about all the movements that they persist in regarding as fixtures, men whose minds abhor a new idea as a vacuum abhors nature. We might have had ——, or ——, or ——; but by some pentecostal descent of wisdom upon the Crown's advisers we escaped them all and got "Q." instead. And there he is, an Oxford man enisled, not to say marooned, in the fair meadows of Jesus, doubtless to match Walter Raleigh, a Cambridge man dumped down upon Merton fields.

"Q." (he must forgive this brevity—the respectful alternative eats up too much space) really has the qualities that make a great professor; he knows life as well as letters, and speaks not only from the convictions of a scholar, but with the authority of a practised novelist, critic, biographer and verse-writer. True, he makes his blunders like the rest, as in the present volume, where he fathers *Gorboduc* upon Davenant, who has sins enough of his own to bear. But the professor who says *Gorboduc* when he means *Gondibert* is the more endeared to us; the intolerable professor is the person who declares that either of them matters very much. Anyone can be encyclopædic: all that is needed is an acquaintance with encyclopædias; but not anyone can have a mind like "Q.'s," able, not merely to receive, but to declare itself and make literature of the declaration. Criticism, as "Q" practises it, is a fine art; and, what matters in art is not quantity but quality—not the mass of what is taken in but the beauty of what is given out. Wagner knew much more than Mozart; but *Die Götterdämmerung* is not greater than *Don Giovanni*: it is merely longer.

Perhaps the most striking justification of "Q.'s" professorship is the keen general interest in his pronouncements. This is really an important matter. The peculiarity of an Archbishop of Canterbury should be that he preaches, not to Canterbury, but to England. If he does not do this, he might as well be Archbishop of some —opolis or other *in partibus infidelium* and bombinate in the void. So the peculiarity of a Professor of English at Cambridge or Oxford should be that he lectures, not to Cambridge or to Oxford, but to all who speak the language of Shakespeare. He must speak through his university to the universe, or his university is nothing more than a cloister. Professorships of English are new things and therefore free from any traditions of procedure. The occupants of the chairs of English at our greater universities should be, in a sense, œcumenical persons, commanding the respect and assent of the whole English people; they must not be merely dons receiving the attention given to those who set the examination papers. We are fortunate in our present Oxford and Cambridge professors; I hope they will be always mindful of their larger obligations.

The present volume is an excellent example of what is needed. Ostensibly the twelve lectures it contains were addressed to candidates for Cambridge examinations, and are so far local that they defend, in particular, the new English Tripos. They are, let us hasten to say, most admirable lectures, in all respects the very thing that students should hear. But they are more than that. They are *conciones ad populum* and they come home to everybody who reads or desires to read. Though they are lectures addressed to a few select persons in an ancient home of learning, the text of all is this: "The real battle for English lies in our elementary schools." No matter how well they fulfil a limited academic purpose, the real pith and point of all is in the following golden sentence with its moving allusion to the Pilgrims we loved in our childhood, before the schools bade us improve our minds and have done with trifling:

"Do you remember this passage in 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' as the pilgrims passed down the Valley of Humiliation? 'Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a Boy feeding his Father's Sheep. The Boy was in very mean Cloaths, but of a very fresh and well-favoured Countenance, and as he sate by himself he Sung. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the Shepherd's Boy saith.' Well, it was a very pretty song, about Contentment. . . . But I care less for the subject than for the song. Though life condemn him to live it through in the Valley of Humiliation, I want to hear the Shepherd Boy singing."

That is how a Cambridge professor should talk; that (if I may adopt "a selection of the language really used by men") is the stuff to give them, understanding by "them," not the powers at Whitehall, of whom our author appears unnecessarily afraid, but a much more dangerous enemy, the local authorities and officials with their latest invention, a "minimum standard of attainment," with glistering

* "On the Art of Reading: Lectures delivered in the University of Cambridge, 1916–1917." By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

spires and pinnacles adorned in the shape of dissected percentages and mathematical curves of ability. That is to say, no new thing at all, but the deadly and desolate old system of Coketown, whose prophets were Gradgrind and Bounderby and M'Choakumchild. Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee! Officialism, Parochialism, these are the enemies that patriotic scholars like "Q." must fight. Teachers have their faults, but it is their merit to be singularly teachable; it is those beyond the teacher who learn nothing and forget nothing. Teachers have too often been more anxious to teach their charges how to read than to teach them what to read; but if "in remote rural class-rooms the hungry sheep look up and are not fed," the fault will be found to lie less with the teachers than with those who control the educational food supply. More than any other worker in the world the teacher is beset with discordant persons who suspect him, inspect him, correct him, direct him, and, at last, deject him. The rapid and sinister decline of male entrants to the profession of teaching is to be attributed not merely to the poor pay and bad prospects, but to the teasing and sometimes humiliating conditions of service brought about by the steady growth of organised interference. Men simply won't endure the multitude of meddlers who now infest the world of education.

"Q." stands for the newest humanism (which is of course the oldest), the right of every human creature to the maximum of its development. Humanism is a matter of life, not of living. The scale of the soul's progress must not be confused (as it often is) with the scale of the wage sheet. If we teach the village boy to read for himself and think for himself, if we give him, not mere instruction or information, but the ability to take a view of things, it is not because we want him to grow up into a village squire, but because we want him to walk

> "in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough, along the mountain side."

But I must not give the impression that "Q.'s" volume is that least readable of printed things, a modern treatise on education. It is, indeed, ultimately a book of high educational value—a contribution to a subject of great national importance; but immediately it is a delightful essay in creative criticism, dealing with such things as children's reading, the value of the classics, the Bible as literature and the right use of masterpieces. It will endear itself to every reader by its humour and insight, its confirmations and encouragements, its broad sense of values and proportion, its personal charm and the fine scholarship that is something elaborately wrought, but wrought upon "that true steel whereof was forged the brand Excalibur."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.**

A GREAT DRAMATIST.*

The brilliance and exhibitional value of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's volume on Mr. Shaw are unfavourable to the prospect of success for any fresh work on the subject; but nineteen years have passed since "G. K. C." informed us that he was the only person who understood Mr. Shaw, and there is no doubt room for another monograph tributary to this commanding genius of literature.

Mr. Duffin has for his aim a presentation of the didactic contents of Mr. Shaw's work and the reader who gets through the 45,000 words of this volume will be qualified to disturb the tranquillity of a very large number of dull and respectable people. Nevertheless the book is about 30,000 words longer than is psychologically desirable. An economical critic could easily express the essence, not to mention the "quintessence," of Mr. Shaw's literary work in a couple of columns of this magazine.

Mr. Duffin associates "Erewhon" Butler with Mr. Shaw, and not unjustly for the two men are both humorists of a high order and both (let it be said with deep respect) super-dustmen, the burdens in whose carts plainly inform us that they have come from the spiritual living-rooms in the House of Civilization. Both are by pressure of genius forced to torment the ears of those who, without feeling guilty, use falsehood as a convenient garment; and both have to in an unusual degree the power of seeing the structure of society comprehensively.

Mr. Duffin is puzzling in a contrast which he perceives between the "lovableness" of Butler and some quality not precisely similar in Mr. Shaw's writing. Like other popular writers Mr. Shaw is journalistically regarded as a free reservoir of "copy." Not for a day will Lilliput forget him, and perhaps that is a reason why Mr. Shaw exhibits a certain aggressive superiority as of a yard measure in conversational contact with a footrule. Butler on the other hand is far from lovable in his attitude to other men of genius in literature. In fact there is almost certain to be something hateful about a critic who is dogmatically loquacious when he is not well-informed. There is not much to choose between a Butler belittling Meredith and a Shaw belittling Schubert; each in the act is silly—the former rather, the latter very. But it is as creative artists that it is proper to consider both these men; their true magic is an effect of imagination holding us captive, and here it seems to me that Shaw who created Eugene in "Candida" is seen to be a disentangler of the noble from the grotesque, a man who enlarges the realm of love.

Mr. Shaw must, however, always irritate an uncertain number of artists because he is harshly opposed to the divine conception of art for art's sake. In his memorable sermon at the City Temple in October, 1908, "he urged that all art is didactic" (*vide* report of that sermon in the *Daily Chronicle*), and Mr. Duffin reminds us that, for Art's sake alone, Mr. Shaw "would not face the toil of writing a single sentence." It may or may not be wrong to discover a blatant utilitarianism in such assertions, but many an artistic soul would naturally fall back in relief from them on Oscar Wilde's dictum, "All art is utterly useless."

Common sense rallies one to consider that published art from which no effect ensues is barely conceivable, since

* "The Quintessence of Bernard Shaw." By Henry Charles Duffin, M.A. 6s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

even the rose that " blushed unseen " was mentally present n the study of the poet Gray. At any rate, Mr. Shaw's art might, at its best, justify itself without reference to whether it inculcates sound morality, whether it is wrong or right in its assumption that woman is the huntress of man or whether it is wise in pricking in so many places a creature containing so much sawdust as does a typical human being. The technical mastery displayed in " Man and Superman," " Candida," " Mrs. Warren's Profession," to mention nothing else, is a joy to the artistic sense. The art of characterisation, of humour sudden and perfect, the forms of the vehicles carrying Mr. Shaw's ideas, are his passport to the heart of posterity.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE NEW "SAPPER."*

" Sapper " has finished with the war; that is, he has finished writing war stories, but though " Bull-Dog Drummond " may be his notion of a peace-time novel there is nothing restful about it. Drummond himself is an ex-Army officer, but it is to be doubted whether he escaped more often in the firing line, or from so many different kinds of death, than he does in this tale of his adventures at home in England, once he gets going. And he gets going in the first chapter. He is a muscular, cheerful person, with an irrepressible sense of humour, and a quiet life in a London flat, after the stir and excitement of active service, bores him to such desperation that he advertises for a job of any sort, lawful or otherwise, so long as it is lively and exciting. He soon gets all he wants and a good deal more than he expected. The advertisement is answered by a girl in distress; he meets her by appointment at the Carlton and, whilst they are taking tea and she is unfolding her amazing troubles and beseeching his assistance, she is perturbed by the arrival of an acquaintance, Mr. Lakington, a reputed art collector, and after he has chatted with them and passed on, she informs Drummond that he has stumbled into the middle of everything and " that is one of the men you will probably have to kill."

But the plot is not one to be summarised; it is ingenious and bristles with amazing situations and develops with such a rush and a gusto that it gives the reader no stopping-place till he arrives at the end. Never before was a sensational novel so full of riotous humour and high spirits, or a humorous novel so full of startling and lurid sensation. It makes most contemporary romances of crime and mystery seem tame by comparison, and in the tense strain of its most terrifying moments it sets you laughing without in the least allaying your anxiety, so that at last you don't know how to describe it or what to call it, and can cnly recommend it heartily as a thoroughly uncommon and uncommonly enjoyable book.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY'S PLAYS.†

This comely volume at last makes public what has been for too long a fugitive and cloistered pleasure. It contains five plays, the earliest of which (" The Crier by Night ") was written twenty years ago, and the latest (" King Lear's Wife ") was printed in " Georgian Poetry " in 1915.

The reputation of Gordon Bottomley has been hitherto of an unusual kind. The lyrics by which readers of anthologies have known him, and the poems in " Chambers of Imagery " (1907 and 1912) may have seemed scarcely adequate to bear the considerable praise which has followed their author; and, in truth, the lyric does not seem to afford him the scope he needs, and does not in his hands flow into complete music and the form of beauty. His lyrical poems have seemed excessively intellectualised; not perfectly presenting an image of beauty, not instantly communicating a sense of that which is rare, superb, profound, but rather surrounding the image and the sense with a quick leafage of intellectual activity. But these five plays, in steady progression, show the author in the most powerful exercise of his faculties. Imagination here is free and moves with growing ease, music enlarges like a splendid wind through the verse; and the common reproach of mere " poetic plays " has been avoided in these, where character and action develop as surely as music itself.

There is a significant quotation facing the title page—" Remember the life of these things consists in action." Forgetting that there can be no dramatic life but in action, the poetic plays of the immediate past have too often been—what we have seen: full of sound and fury, signifying nothing but dramatic incompetence. Gordon Bottomley has remembered that his plays can have no life except in the activity of his characters, as displayed equally in their doings and their sayings. To achieve that activity is perhaps the most difficult part of the dramatic writer's task, and these plays show that success has not been instantly won, but that with each attempt the author has attained a more assured command over his material and opportunities. That is to say, he has proved himself an artist. Fine, careless raptures alone will not produce a play like " The Riding to Lithend "; something more, and something different, was needed for its making. Hence you may quote almost any lines from this fierce Icelandic play—fragment of bloody saga—and find that what you are reading is vital and essential to the expression of character and action.

" GUNNAR:
I know not why it is I must be fighting,
For ever fighting, when the slaying of men
Is a more weary and aimless thing to me
Than most men think it . . . and most women too.
There is a woman here who grieves she loves me,
And she too must be fighting me for ever
With her dim ravenous unsated mind. . . .
Ay, Hallgerd, there's that in her which desires
Men to fight on for ever because she lives;
When she took form she did it like a hunger
To nibble earth's lip away until the sea
Poured down the darkness. Why then should I sail
Upon a voyage that can end but here?
She means that I shall fight until I die;
Why must she be put off by whittled years,
When none can die until his time has come?
[*He turns to the hound by the fire.*
Samm, drowsy friend, dost scent a prey in dreams?
Shake off thy shag of sleep and get to thy watch;
'Tis time to be our eyes till the next light.
Out, out to the yard, good Samm."

And in this poetry, too, the verse has become more subtle, swift and finely responsive than in the earlier plays. The beautiful images flow in and out with the ease of light on water; the rhythms have the natural movement of thought, and the secret discipline of masculine habit. Beggar-women come into Gunnar's fatal house:

" Far from the men who fear us, men who stone us,
Hiding, hiding, flying whene'er they slumber,
High on the crags we pause, over the moon-gulfs;
Black clouds fall and leave us up in the moon-depths
Where wind flaps our hair and cloaks like fin-webs,
Ay, and our sleeves that toss with our arms and the cadence
Of quavering crying among the threatening echoes.
Then we spread our cloaks and leap down the rock-stairs,
Sweeping the heaths with our skirts, greying the dew-bloom,
Until we feel a pool on the wide dew stretches
Stilled by the moon or ruffling like breast-feathers,
And, with grey sleeves cheating the sleepy herons,
Squat among them, pillow us there and sleep.
But in the harder wastes we stand upright,
Like splintered, rain-worn boulders set to the wind
In old confederacy, and rest and sleep."

Their wildness prepares the mind for the fiercer wildness of the conflict between solitary Gunnar and the many who attack him in the snowy night. Few things would be more difficult to present upon a modern stage, few things more desirable to attempt. In earlier plays Gordon Bottomley has not wholly arrested the tendency to intellectualise; in " Midsummer Eve," for example, the beauty of scene and atmosphere is marred by metaphysical discoursing, which is acute but undramatic. But " The

* " Bull-Dog Drummond." By Cyril McNeile (" Sapper "). 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† " King Lear's Wife, and Other Plays." By Gordon Bottomley. 15s. net. (Constable.)

Riding to Lithend " is scarcely touched by this difficult excess.

" King Lear's Wife " will be familiar to many readers, but to others it will come with the delicious shock of a new creation. The author has dipped into the legendary reservoir from which Shakespeare's " Lear " was drawn, and has chosen the story of the death of Queen Hygd and the unfaithfulness of Lear. I do not want to take the edge off any reader's pleasure by giving the story; it has little relation to Shakespeare's choice, yet in reading " King Lear's Wife " one is constantly remembering Shakespeare's tremendous moral:

> " The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to plague us."

The new play is a beam of light, crossing the darkness of the old. Few passages of modern verse reach the beauty of:

> " I dreamt that I was swimming, shoulder up,
> And drave the bed-clothes spreading to the floor:
> Coldness awoke me; through the waning darkness
> I heard far hounds give shivering, aëry tongue,
> Remote, withdrawing, suddenly faint and near;
> I leapt and saw a pack of stretching weasels
> Hunt a pale coney in a soundless rush,
> Their elfin and thin yelping pierced my heart
> As with an unseen beauty long awaited;
> Wolf-skin and cloak I buckled over this night-gear,
> And took my honoured spear from my bed-side
> Where none but I may touch its purity,
> And sped as lightly down the dewy bank
> As any mothy owl that hunts quick mice.
> They went crying, crying, but I lost them
> Before I stept, with the first tips of light,
> On Raven Crag, near by the Druid Stones;
> So I paused there and, stooping, pressed my hand
> Against the stony bed of the clear stream;
> Then entered I the circle and raised up
> My shining hand."

It is no isolated beauty, and its impression is deepened by the whole scene near the end of the play, when Goneril, virginal and indignant, avenges her dead mother upon Lear's paramour.

JOHN FREEMAN.

CATHERINE WILMOT'S REMINISCENCES.*

The peace made by Great Britain with Republican France in 1801, and ratified by the Treaty of Amiens in 1802, drew crowds of artistic, fashionable and political persons to Paris to pay their respects to the First Consul. Mrs. Damer, " the Goddess of Sculpture," a fanatical idolater of Napoleon, took advantage of this opportunity to make one of her periodical visits to the French capital. Charles James Fox seized the occasion too, and before long almost rivalled General Bonaparte in the plaudits of Parisian theatregoers. The young Earl and Countess Mountcashell were also among the visitors to Paris at this time, taking it as the starting point of that grand tour which they made for the ensuing eighteen months in the company of Miss Catherine Wilmot, whose lively journal of the trip has just been published by Mr. Thomas U. Sadleir under the title of " An Irish Peer on the Continent." Margaret, wife of the third Earl Mountcashell and the eldest daughter of Viscount Kingsborough, afterwards second Earl of Kingston, enjoyed the strange fortune of having for her governess the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. Educated by such a teacher, to whom she was fervently attached, the Countess became a Liberal in politics and a Socinian in religion; and naturally enough during her stay in Paris she paid frequent visits to Helen Maria Williams who, kindly received by Dr. Johnson in the last year of his life (see Boswell's comments on her), would have shocked that fine old Tory, had he lived, by her liaisons with John Hurford Stone and with Captain Imlay, and by her enthusiastic championship of the Girondists. Miss Wilmot, like her patroness, seems to have been an ardent worshipper of Bonaparte and but an indifferent admirer of Nelson. She says of the former:

> " His countenance is delightful when animated by conversation, and the expression in the lower part of his face pleasing to the greatest degree. His eyes are reflection itself; but so charming a smile as his I never scarcely beheld. His dress was simple, and his air, though reserved, announcing everything of the polished gentleman."

In November, 1791, three years after she had been dismissed from the service of Viscountess Kingsborough, Mary Wollstonecraft met William Godwin for the first time, when the author of " Political Justice " took a dislike to his future mistress and wife because her flow of conversation silenced the taciturn Thomas Paine, who was also of the company. What Mary's pupil thought of the writer of " The Age of Reason " is not on record. But Miss Wilmot dwells on his " surprising ugliness and incorrigible good temper," on his quaint vanity in respect of his poetical compositions and of his attractions for women, and on his extraordinary lack of personal cleanliness—a genuine late eighteenth century trait, this! She goes on to say:

Stephen, 2nd Earl Mountcashell, 1770—1822.

From "An Irish Peer on the Continent" (Williams & Norgate).

> " Drinking spirits has made his entire face as red as fire. And he is the most abominably dirty being upon the face of the earth."

Not to admire, however, was *not* all the art which Miss Wilmot knew. She was evidently most favourably impressed by two young Irishmen whom she met at Paris, William Parnell, the grandfather of the famous Irish leader, and Robert Emmet, the chivalrous and unfortunate patriot who was destined to die on the scaffold a few years later. Of the latter she says:

> " His colour comes and goes rapidly, accompanied by such a nervousness of excited sensibility that I feel in a perpetual apprehension lest any passing idle word should wound the delicacy of his feelings. His face is uncommonly expressive of everything youthful and everything enthusiastic."

On the other hand she confesses frankly that Fox and Alfieri proved dismal disappointments. With two famous persons whom she met at Rome, Angelica Kauffman, well known to print-lovers and to admirers of Miss Thackeray, and Augustus Hervey, Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, Miss Wilmot was by no means disappointed. Of the former, then aged sixty-one, she speaks with marked appreciation. The latter, whose grandson, Augustus Foster, son of the celebrated Lady Elizabeth Foster, she also met, she describes with immense gusto and frankness. I should like to extract her description of this true Hervey, patriot, connoisseur, grand seigneur, grand Turk and free-thinking prelate. But, though it is a valuable pendant to the account of him given in Mr. Vere Foster's " The Two Duchesses," it is too long to quote and too good to cut. On Carnot, " the organiser of Victory," and on Kosciusko, " Freedom's last Champion," both of whom she met at Miss Williams's, where, by the way, Samuel Rogers, who calls Helen Maria " a very fascinating person, but not handsome," came across the famous Pole, she also expatiates to her readers' advantage. But the real *bonne bouche* of this observant and vivacious lady's reminiscences is her picture of the Bourbon Court at Naples, a court against which she had been prejudiced by the brutality shown to Caracciolo by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton,

* " An Irish Peer on the Continent: A Narrative of the Tour through France and Italy of Stephen second Earl Mountcashell." Related by Catherine Wilmot and Edited by Thomas U. Sadleir. 10s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

a pair whose much-vaunted "sensibility" certainly failed to show to advantage in the White Terror which followed on the expulsion of the Jacobins from the capital of the two Sicilies. Here is Miss Wilmot's terse and relentless account of the high personnel of the Court to which "Minister Acton" was accredited. It is almost worthy of comparison with the best passages of Fanny Burney's "Diary."

"The Queen is a sturdy-looking dame, by no means elegant in her deportment. She trotted about in her black and blue robes much more as if she were crying 'Tooky Tooky' after her poultry like a housekeeper than a queen doing the dignities of her drawing-room. The King looks like an overgrown ass; though in his demeanour he is exceedingly civil. Howbeit his face surpasses any abridgement of imbecility I ever saw in all my life; while the vulgar debauchee reigns triumphant throughout his Majestic [i.e. 'Majesty's'] exterior. The Hereditary Prince delights in dancing, which he does like a cow cantering. Vulgar is no expression to apply to his appearance; for vulgarity becomes genteel within his presence."

A volume which contains so many such masterly *eaux fortes* of late eighteenth century celebrities ought surely to attain no small measure of popularity.

W. A. L. P.

TOD MacMAMMON SEES HIS SOUL.*

Not altogether inaptly did the Greeks nickname their early satirists "silloi," or squinters, for satirists seem not infrequently to suffer from obliquity of vision. But the genres of satire are legion—Horace, Juvenal, Aristophanes, Rabelais, Swift, Shaw, Hudibras, Candide, Piers Plowman, Don Juan, Don Quixote, and satirists do not *all* goggle. In fact, as the derivation of the word satire suggests, the satirist usually sees life pretty comprehensively at all angles and brings a various assortment of fruit on his *lanx satura*.

Certainly Mr. A. St. John Adcock is no "sillos"; he has no optical eccentricities; he squints neither up nor down, and his satire is as sincere and wholesome as his vision is healthy and straight. Most of the modern satirists, whether squinters or non-squinters, lash the vices and follies of the day simply to show their flagellatory skill, and the cynicism, insincerity, flippancy of a good many who shall be nameless are themselves material for satire; but Mr. Adcock scourges evil, if not with the *saeva indignatio* of a Juvenal, or the "raging iambics" of an Archilochus, at least with the passionate sincerity of a lover of mankind, and a champion of the virtues. Even, as in former times, the ecclesiastic was the most tempting target for satire, so to-day the self-made millionaire who worships his maker is the favourite butt of the satirist, and in Tod MacMammon Mr. Adcock pillories a typical member of the self-made, self-satisfied, bourgeois class. Literature does not hold a more pitiful figure than Tod MacMammon, in the stocks of poetry, pelted with all the metrical missiles of the muses. The very rhymes seem to tweak his nose.

Tod MacMammon—so runs the satire—the philanthropic millionaire, "who gave to others all he could not carry," dies, and "his complacent, naked little soul" goes "soaring and flickering upwards like a flame." True to type and training, Tod dreams as he soars of establishing

> "A real aerial railway with a junction
> Where those who had the eternal laws affronted
> Might for their proper terminus be shunted,"

and of forming a company or syndicate to put the world of bliss upon a dividend-paying basis. So sweetly dreaming, he reaches Heaven's portal, but the gate is closed, and when St. Peter opens Tod complains that there is no deputation to meet and entertain him.

All this is brilliant, full of wit and humour, but when St. Peter proceeds to call for a record of the multi-millionaire's deeds on Earth the satire becomes, not only brilliant, but burning. It burns up shams; it burns up humbugs; it even burns up beautiful "Bradbury" dressings and reveals the sores and ulcers on the body of Society.

With great dramatic and poetic power the poet describes the cloud of witnesses that come to attest MacMammon's sins—men "worn and grimed with toil," wives and mothers "old or grown old too soon with tears and care"; children "who had no days of cloudless childhood known." Then a

> "weedy figure, lank, and hollow-faced,
> Bearded and bronzed, and naked to the waist,
> As one who drudges in the heat and roar
> Of factory furnaces,"

steps forth as spokesman, and tells how

> "Huddled in fœtid slums, half-clothed, half-fed,
> We wilted, and our children pined for bread."

But the climax comes when the spokesman (who had been shot for "striking") pleads for his master and murderer:

> "This man, our master, Lord, Thou knowest, he
> Was poor and outcast in his youth as we.
> His heart grew hard with striving against fate"—

and when an angel holds a mirror to MacMammon's eyes:

> "And he therein could see, with slow surprise,
> Something obscene and coiled that seemed to squirm
> Faced like a toad, but trailing like a worm . . .
> And straight a frenzied wish swept through him then
> For any refuge from the sight of men,
> And with the wish, the shape began to run
> And shrink like water shrivelling in the sun."

It is said that some of the victims of Archilochus' "raging iambics" committed suicide, and certainly any MacMammon who meets Mr. Adcock's satire will have a frenzied wish "for any refuge from the sight of men."

"Tod MacMammon" is not only a great satire, it is a social and political tract that may be read with benefit alike by Communist and Reactionary.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "Tod MacMammon Sees his Soul, and Other Satires." By A. St. John Adcock. 2s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

THE PIPES.*

The Scottish Members of Parliament were in a great flutter the other day at the idea of the Irish regiments owning a pipe band. They spoke with all the scorn and fire of patriots guarding the gate. They were ready in their Lowland wrath to call the ghost of Bailie Nicoll Jarvie to witness that, rather than be robbed of the pipes, they would cry "Home Rule" and take the night train in dudgeon to the border. What then is the secret of this strange, deathless instrument which comes crying its shrill, haunting notes down the centuries, the heritage of no race, nor continent, no civilisation or stretch of time, a thing so primitive and yet with so sure a destiny as to form an epic of all the ages of man.

In "The Pipes of War," a record of the achievements of pipers of Scottish and Overseas regiments during the war, there are chapters recounting the incomparable spirit and heroism of these non-combatants who were the first to mount the parapet and lead the advance across the region of death; the glory, the elation, the majestic poignancy of the pipes in battle. Out of these famous Highland regiments the pipers fell as fast as the men. The 2nd Gordons lost thirteen pipers at Loos in one day. Individual acts of courage are too frequent for any but silent acknowledgment, but what is more to the purpose of this notice are the instances of the peculiar intimate link between the pipes and the men, its unrivalled range of music for every conceivable turn of fortune in the affairs of human life. There are the tunes which influence the soul, old ringing battle marches recalling ancient feuds, coronachs,

* "The Pipes of War." By Brevet-Colonel Sir Bruce Seton, Bart. 25s. net. (Maclehose, Jackson.)

warnings, laments for the gone, salutes for the living. There is the reel, lively, chuckling, infectious; there is the pibroch, classical, solemn, prolonged in cadence, like a river singing its changeless melody.

One is familiar with the idea of this instrument as representative perhaps more closely of the temperament of the Gael than any other race, but the majority of readers of this book will be surprised and a little shamed when they realise its immense antiquity, not in the Highlands, but in the history of all peoples. It is, even for those accustomed for some obscure reason to assume a smile of amusement or an attitude of dismay, something of a rebuke to learn that the pipes have ranked with the makers of history 4000 B.C., and will—who knows?—be heard when Western civilisation has become a subject of research in the universities of China and the East. There is in such a conception something a little humbling.

The pipes are heard of in Chaldæa, Egypt, Assyria and Persia in a more primitive form. They were used in ancient Greece and Rome. There is practically no doubt that the legionaries of Julius Cæsar marched to their music, and one can, if one pleases, believe that he introduced them to Britain. The pipes were certainly long used in England before they came north, and so far as Ireland is concerned, much as one regrets to pain a Scots M.P., it must be admitted they accompanied the Irish troops to Gascony in 1286, a century or two, anyway, before the Highlands were aware of their existence. There was an official pipe band at the English Court in 1327.

Their introduction to the Highlands was not by any means a cordial one. The clan bards who were in the gracious habit of warming up the chief before he went (who knows how reluctantly) into the mêlée, considered the pipes an outrage, an innovation, and a mistake. The last stand of the bards has so far evaded Mr. Neil Munro. It must have been an impressive and memorable scene.

However, here is a book handsomely produced, illustrated, providing information on the pipes in war, their history, the individual achievements of the pipers, the Roll of Honour, and some stories in sympathy with the subject.

It may be said the price is on the heavy side. Let it be instantly emphasised that the money will be devoted to a most admirable object—the establishment of a school for training pipers in pibroch playing after the great tradition of the MacCrimmons. The Highlands could build as a cairn of remembrance no memorial more in historic sympathy with the sons of their race.

FREDERICK WATSON.

QUEEN LUCIA.*

This is decidedly one of the most amazing and clever stories that Mr. Benson has written. "There is a cleverness that maketh bitterness to abound," says an old Jewish sage. It is a kind of cleverness which is familiar in fiction as well as in social intercourse, an unfeeling smartness which is satirical and sarcastic. Modern society, especially in the case of idle rich people, must be a constant temptation to the clever novelist, and Mr. Benson has already shot his arrows at the crazes of society women in particular. But in this novel he is genial and delightful. There is no acid touch of superiority. He describes the life of a little community called Riseholme, in which the leading spirit is Mrs. Emmeline Lucas:

"She was always known among her subjects as Lucia, pronounced, of course, in the Italian mode (*la Lucia*—the wife of Lucas)."

Her little social ruses, her affectation of culture, her pseudo-enthusiasms and her friendships are the theme of the novel, which fairly brims with good-humoured fun. The advent of a mock Indian Guru, and of two spiritualistic charlatans, are the main incidents which ruffle the pool of life at Riseholme. But a great operatic singer also takes up residence in the community, and these changes threaten to burst the social harmony of Queen Lucia's domain. In fact she is exposed and humiliated during the course of affairs. But this is where Mr. Benson saves the situation. He might easily have ended the book in a minor tragedy. But he takes the better way, and by bringing out the magnanimity of the actress he leaves Riseholme still under the sway of its queen; his light, deft touch handles the situation without spoiling it. The result is that we get our novel from beginning to end in the same vein. Mr. Benson amuses us with the silly crazes for vegetarianism, Christian science, Eastern mysticism, spiritualism, and the rest of the decadent enthusiasms which occupy the minds of unoccupied people. He makes us familiar, from the inside, with the members of the Riseholme society, till we know "Georgie," with his false hair, his embroidery, and his uncomfortable sisters, Daisy Quantock, the Colonel, and the rest of them. But while we laugh at them, the laughter is not harsh. It is satire with the buttons on the foils. We congratulate Mr. Benson upon this clever little sketch; it is artistic and thoroughly amusing.

JAMES MOFFATT.

* "Queen Lucia." By E. F. Benson. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND FRIEND.*

Though the three books lying before me are all written in essay form, no essays could be more diverse in character. One is in the habit of reading present-day essays in the ever-welcome pages of Messrs. Max Beerbohm, E. V. Lucas and Hilaire Belloc, in whose works the form is characterised by a lightness of touch with which these books are strangely out of agreement. It is bad criticism, however, to carp at a variation in the essay kind because it happens not to conform to the pattern which one has become accustomed to regard with special favour.

I have had to reverse the order of priority, for though Mr. More's book might seem to claim first attention by reason of its attractive title, the contents belie the anticipations aroused by the exterior. Mr. More, in the interests of Puritanism and morality, so confuses one with knotty points on matters of morals that æsthetic and literary considerations he relegates to a position of only secondary, or even tertiary, importance. He has yet to learn that viewing literature *qua* literature is what makes literary criticism of value, alike to the man in the street as to the literary specialist. He reminds me of nothing so much as a guide, and from experience one knows that guides are sometimes sadly at variance with the truth, and it is even so with Mr. More, who cannot be reckoned a sage one. Being a guide, he has little time for weighing many of the statements recorded in his itinerary. Is it true, for instance, that there is "complexity of form" in the *greater* plays of Shakespeare? "Othello" alone, not to instance the remainder of the great tragic period, cancels such a hasty verdict. Again, with regard to Pope, is there really "no doubt the character of the poet and the indecorous squabbles in which his life was passed have had something to do with the critical obloquy that has *occasionally* fallen upon him?" I choose to think more ink has been spilled by the critics on the question whether he is or is not a poet, and the critical obloquy seems to have been falling *constantly* upon him on that account, with little reference, in the best investigations, to his character or the squabbles of his life. On this question, which would appear to be as endless and fruitless as the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy,

* "With the Wits. Shelburne Essays. Tenth Series." By Paul Elmer More. 10s. 6d. net. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)—"Little Essays." Drawn from the writings of George Santayana, by Logan Pearsall Smith. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)—"The Portrait of a Scholar and Other Essays written in Macedonia, 1916-1918." By R. W. Chapman, R.G.A. 5s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.

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the author offers nothing novel or illuminating. Mr. More is not a writer to render justice to the opaque majesty of Swift. The one essay in this book which has given me entire satisfaction is that on Berkeley, "A Philosopher Among the Wits," in which he has embedded the choice phrase that in Berkeley's "Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous," "the Sibyl of metaphysics and the Muse of literature kissed." In a book of this kind one looks, naturally I think, for wisdom as well as wit, but it so happens there is little wisdom and less wit in Mr. More's literary equipment. As it is, his work leaves one unmoved and with but little admiration for the critical method to which he so closely adheres. When Mr. More has made up his mind to pursue an essay with sustained interest in, and enthusiasm for, literature *qua* literature, his criticism will be acceptable and worth reading.

Being a distinguished philosopher, Mr. Santayana is not, like Mr. More, a mere guide whose information proves doubtful, but his excursions in æsthetic and in moral philosophy lead the reader into many strange, unexplored regions on the far side of his intellectual horizon. There is one thing unavoidably open to the reviewer of Mr. Santayana, and that is, the inevitable association of his work with that of the great Benedetto Croce. In spite of a true unity of purpose and thought in this book, excuse may be granted for dipping into the reflective pools, here and there, for a clear image of the reasonable life as wedded to the best ideals in æsthetic, morality, and general philosophy of life. The author shows sound wisdom in his treatment of perception, being, and primordial will, and he sums up his ideas in a rich fund of paradox and epigram. From so much that is temptingly quotable, I select three extremely pertinent observations. "The height of poetry is to speak the language of the gods." "Popular poets are the parish priests of the Muse retailing her ancient divinations to a long-since converted public." Of metaphysics, he remarks that they are "the love-affairs of the understanding." Such a saying might have issued from the Gallic wit of Anatole France. Mr. Santayana not only thinks soundly, but he writes a distinguished, lettered diction, so that the volume is as much a worthy contribution to the world of letters as to the world of thought. The views, however, expressed in his essay on "Absence of Religion in Shakespeare," will not find, I should think, general acceptance. Occasionally one wishes he were more liberal with quotations to illustrate his arguments. To lighten the profundity of his thought, he indulges in delightfully humorous asides. Mr. Santayana's is a timely, a very timely, philosophy of life, and if only the salutary idealism of his eminently sane outlook could be brought into universal practice, the modern world might possibly become moulded, to use his favourite quotation from Omar, "nearer to the heart's desire."

Though last on the roll, Mr. Chapman's book is by no means least. Mr. Chapman writes as only a friend can write. It is an oasis in the desert for a reviewer to strike upon such a work of art, informed with an excellent friendly spirit, as "The Portrait of a Scholar." It reads like the production of an age not ours, an age when friendship could inspire delicate literary work, more in vogue then than it is at present. There is ripeness and charm in Mr. Chapman's essays, so that as one reads on it is impossible to overlook the long-considered thought and the well-balanced art which have gone to the making of them. Grace and a mature accomplishment are the hall-marks of this modest volume—modest in its bulk, as in its spirit; and I have turned from its pages reluctantly, wishing I might have been privileged to read on at greater length. Perhaps Mr. Chapman will meet this desire by further enriching the claims of pure letters, and by furnishing his readers with more such pages of pure delight. I should like to add a postscript to convey to the publishers, from whom we always look for the very best, how much pleasure accrues to the perusal of a book when the format is of the excellence here attained.

W. M. PARKER.

SPORT IN THEORY AND REMINISCENCE.*

There can be no doubt that popular interest in county cricket is increasing. The gate receipts at the principal grounds indicate this. Nor has it been found necessary to introduce changes into the game to save the onlooker from boredom. The difficulty has been that many of the spectators are only present on one day out of the three and consequently look for some definite result in that day just as they would find it in League Cricket on Saturdays. But by far the majority appreciate good cricket no matter how slow it may be and are satisfied with the individual efforts of the bowler and batsman: good fielding is more easily seen and has always received its praise, but we find the intelligent onlooker now watching the twist of the ball and the stroke of the bat.

Of the three books under review on cricket, the one by Mr. P. F. Warner has undoubtedly the widest appeal. His reminiscences are extensive and amusing. He can go back far enough to speak of the great cricketers who are only a tradition to the modern generation, and still he is young enough to play among the greatest cricketers of to-day. It will be easily admitted that Mr. P. F. Warner is the best captain that any English eleven has ever played under, and his book is written from the viewpoint of a captain. For this reason his chapters on team selection are of particular interest. Thus, for example, in choosing an ideal English eleven—that is an eleven chosen from the dead and living cricketers, supposing that could all play together, he appraises the advantages and drawbacks of each individual player with a detachment and insight that indicate his fitness for the rather invidious task of selection. He never loses sight of the team as a whole. Neither too many batsmen nor too many bowlers are chosen, and his final selection is interesting: this is the team in the order of batting: W. G. Grace, Hobbs, the Jam Sahib, the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Woolley, Mr. A. G. Steel, Peel, Lilley, Lockwood, Lohmann and Barnes. Another interesting eleven is one chosen from the World to play the Martians.

In the final chapter Mr. Warner devotes himself to the 1919 season. He points out the failure of the two-day match. He also discusses the unfairness of scoring in the present three-day match. On the other hand he is careful to do justice to the team who, by stone-walling, can turn a defeat into a draw, for the task of the team in the field is to get the batsmen out. He insists that this stone-walling is appreciated by the onlookers, but this is rather doubtful; the crowd is apt to show impatience, and, in fact, it is often clear that they influence the batsmen more than they should. There was an instance of this at the Oval recently. Mr. Warner's book is one of the most interesting I have ever read, and it can be heartily recommended to readers of all kinds and ages.

Mr. C. B. Fry's book on batting is purely technical. It may surprise some readers that batsmanship can be improved by diagrams and photographs, but if they are capable of conviction, this book must certainly convince them, for it is written in a very lucid fashion. Only a cricketer of such standing as Mr. Fry could carry conviction, and his book should interest both the young amateur and the sportsmaster. The popular price indicates a wide sale and shows how widely the theory of cricket must be studied in this country.

Mr. Luckin's book on South African cricket is clearly a labour of love. It might seem at first sight, from its bulk, to be a mere record of matches and scores, but it contains a careful analysis and criticism of each set of matches played between the South African teams and the English and Australian elevens. The figures and details are invaluable, for as a rule these are lost in newspaper files. To the cricket enthusiast for whom it is written it is a mine of information and reminiscence.

* "Cricket Reminiscences." By P. F. Warner. 15s. net. (Grant Richards.)—"Cricket (Batsmanship)." By C. B. Fry. 4s. 6d. net. (Nash.)—"The History of Cricket in South Africa." By M. W. Luckin. (Hortor.)—"The Golf Swing." By Daryn Hammond. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The object of the author of "The Golf Swing" seems to have been to convince the reader that it is possible to give instruction in golf in a book. He says rightly, that the unfortunate beginner usually receives his instruction from an amateur who knows little more than himself, or from a professional who strikes by instinct and has never studied his strokes. The preface is a lucid exposition of the difficulties and the author seems to have made out a good case for theoretical instruction.

A. B.

HOPE HODGSON'S STORIES.*

The war that stimulated public interest in many writers and made the reputations of some, had no influence on the literary career of W. Hope Hodgson, except to bring it to a tragic close. Apart from a collection of his short stories, "Captain Gault," published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in 1917, and a posthumous volume of his poems, "The Call of the Sea," issued a few months ago by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, practically all his work in literature was finished before he came home from France to join our Army immediately after war was declared. From that time, till he was killed in action on the Western front, he seems to have been too keenly preoccupied by his military duties to have had leisure, even if he had the inclination, to make much use of his pen.

One hears that another book of his stories and another of his verse are in preparation. Meanwhile, Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing a uniform edition of the novels and tales which won recognition for him in latter-day fiction as a writer of strong original gifts. Of the two first in this series, "Carnacki the Ghost Finder" is a sequence of ingenious stories of the genuinely or seemingly supernatural, and "The Ghost Pirates" is one of Hope Hodgson's three most outstanding novels, the other two being "The Boats of the Glen Carrig," the ablest thing he ever wrote, and "The House on the Borderland." He had roughed it about the world as a sailor for some years before he emerged as a novelist, and the best of his stories are of the sea; of eerie, uncanny, exciting experiences and adventures in strange waters or on wild coasts. They have atmosphere and personality; in these three novels, in "The Nightland," and in some of his short stories, he showed a mastery of the bizarre, the mysterious, the terrible that has not often been equalled outside the pages of Edgar Allan Poe. His books were worth re-issuing, and in this cheap and well-produced edition should be sure of finding an appreciative and a considerable public.

LADY ADELA.†

Lady Adela is one of those stout, self-important ladies one meets at times in the best society who are able to talk about nearly everything without being hampered by too much knowledge of anything. She has "two lap-dogs and no lap," and a son Adolphus, who is a clerk in one of our innumerable Ministries and he talks to her on art, literature, politics, labour and home and foreign affairs in general with a flippancy that is amusing and that sometimes hits home shrewdly for all its airiness. Adolphus is guilty of frequent punning, but it is only among superior persons that the pun has fallen into discredit. The pun, properly handled, is still a legitimate form of humour, and if Adolphus does not invariably handle it so, he can occasionally use it with a neatness that adds additional point to an epigram. When he says that the realistic novel "holds the mirror up to Nietzsche," you smile, perhaps, under protest; but he is nearer the truth, anyhow, when

"I do not hesitate to request . . ."

From a drawing by Will Dyson in "Lady Adela," by Gerald Gould (Cecil Palmer).

he describes the eugenic novel as visiting "the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth degeneration," and remarks that "a eugenist is a man who wants to improve the race by scratching all the horses."

But "Lady Adela" is not to be taken too seriously, though there is sound enough criticism masquerading in many of its irresponsibilities. It is a lively, witty, satirical commentary on current topics and may at least help you to laugh at things which, at present, nobody seems able to remedy, and Mr. Will Dyson's burlesque illustrations very cleverly reflect the farcical spirit of the text.

RECENT VERSE.*

In criticising an anthology it is the correct thing to point out with sorrow or with anger that such and such poems have been unaccountably omitted. But Miss Trotter may have been unable to obtain the beautiful verses which "A. E." contributed to *The Times* or the magical poem by Masefield that was published in the *English Review*.

* "Carnacki the Ghost Finder" and "The Ghost Pirates." By W. Hope Hodgson. 2s. 6d. net each. (Holden & Hardingham.)

† "Lady Adela." By Gerald Gould. With Drawings by Will Dyson. 3s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

* "Valour and Vision: Poems of the War." Arranged and Edited by Jacqueline T. Trotter. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)—"The New Navy." By Rear-Admiral Hopwood. 4s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)—"Dryad's Trove." By Elizabeth Mott. 4s. net. (Hutchinson.)

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No doubt an anthology must cater to every taste, and if I prefer a good many things to Miss C. Fox Smith's rollicking rhymes, that is not to say that "Oh, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day" is not an excellent specimen of that sort of verse. The kind of heartiness which appears the necessary mood is not very much to my liking. Altogether in a different mood is Mr. Crosland's "Sursum":

"I saw his dread plume gleaming,
As he rode down the line,
And cried like one a-dreaming
'That man, and that, is mine!'

* * * * *

"A glittering way he showed them
Beyond the dim outpost,
And in his tents bestowed them—
White as the Holy Ghost."

There are in this book many poems that we know, some of which we will not read again for a few years lest they become too hackneyed. Julian Grenfell's beautiful lines have been so often quoted that one is in much danger of treating them unfairly. That is one of the penalties of having given us a small handful of gold-dust. There are other poems here which are new to us: we had imagined that Miss Evelyn Underhill deals only with mysticism; but here we have from her pen a very straightforward affair, of which one of the verses is:

"Rushing on the homeward gale,
Swift they come, to seek their place
Where the grey flotillas sail,
Where the children of their race
Now against the foe maintain
All they gave their lives to gain."

We were moderately pleased at the first glance into Admiral Hopwood's book, because the jingles seemed a long way behind Kipling and the general atmosphere not that which we admire in Newbolt. But then we come to most companionable poems. It may not be well to cherish a work of art for the reason that we would like to meet its creator, but an artist who produces such an impression is one to be grateful for. Admiral Hopwood has pleasant touches, as when he talks of compasses that are hectic, and in the same poem tells us how the *Caroline* of Cardiff treats her kindly-hearted crew:

"And her effort to console them with the racing of her screw,
Tho' it isn't very helpful, is the best that she can do."

The publisher of Mrs. Mott's poems tells us that they are certain to be appreciated. There is among them a curious poem called "Ave Imperator," which glorifies a batsman and reminds one of Hodgson's Bull:

"Queerly accoutred, legs in greaves,
Bared fore-arms gaunt below the sleeves,
Stolid and debonair, he draws
The clumsy glove on: round his jaws
Flickers no smile at the applause."

This kind of writing is more attractive than that which speaks of "Agate chalcedony apes, like spirits amorous." The tiger poem is well done, with a suggestion of one of the *Roundabout Papers*:

"A school-girl ran by frolicking
With a wild-cat, a half-grown thing;
Last, there came by a lordly pair.

"Full sail they went in sex and pride.
Their brutes were tamed, they led them tied
In a leash of a maid-child's yellow hair."

Mrs. Mott can write most freshly. One of her queer poems ends with this verse:

"Eyes stolid over a fan!
—I shall sleep in my bed,
Bald tired, fifty, a man
Decent and dead."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

Novel Notes.

LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER. By Isabel C. Clarke. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Lady Trent had married early and unwisely, and widowhood had come as a benediction while she was still scarcely more than a girl. A frivolous, extremely attractive woman, she finds her daughter a burden rather than a blessing, and leaves her to the care of an old-fashioned elder sister. Consequently Olave is brought up with a hazy notion of the world and a certain antipathy to her mother. Romance comes to her with startling suddenness when she is sixteen. While her aunt is away she accidentally meets Guy Quinn in the woods and tumbles headlong into a girlish infatuation. Later she learns the truth—that she has fallen in love with her mother's fiancé! To complicate matters, he has fallen in love with her, and so the two women are faced with a battle between self-love and affection for each other, and the story, arresting and well told, revolves around this unique situation. None of the characters emerges very creditably; the young lovers are driven to hypocrisy and deceit, and a runaway marriage only baulked by religious difficulties. However, other forces have been at work in the interval, and the conclusion is as satisfactory as it is natural. The book strikes a very human note; mother and daughter, aunt and lover stand out as real beings with marked individualities and capacity for intense suffering and joy.

WHO'S THAT A'CALLING? By Kate Horn. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

She was like a portrait sketched in delicate crayons—Kitty Aveling, the heroine of this vivid romance; very young; most innocent. Her mother, the widow of an eminent and elderly Indian judge, left Kitty to a quiet childhood in the country, but when the child blossomed into girlhood, she summoned her to London. Now Mrs. Aveling had gone entirely to the bad, took drugs, enjoyed the dissipated life. Picture to yourself then the entrance of Kitty into a dark and scented flat. The very first evening the heroine is doubtful about her surroundings, but on making resistance, is told by her mother that she is a prisoner. "You are to have no opinions of your own, Kitty; if I cannot bend you, I shall find means to break you." Very soon Lord Anthony Garstin appears on the scene; among the drug-takers, a mere boy, one of the shell-shocked remnants of the war. He is not far abandoned to the ways of sin, and can appreciate Kitty's pristine freshness, her fear and her helplessness. Anthony becomes her true lover, and he manages to get her out of the terrible house in the end, through the assistance of a devoted woman who goes into the flat as a charwoman in order to smuggle Kitty away. Told interestingly, in easy and flowing style.

JULIA TAKES HER CHANCE. By Concordia Merrel. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Julia, a simple little secretary, with an aptitude for telling her own story in bright, sparkling narrative, is offered a small part in a play performed by the Little Uppington Amateur Dramatic Society. The chance for which all aspiring actresses yearn comes her way, and, contrary to her guardian's approval, she takes it. The great Pelman Barclay is among the audience and offers her a part in his London company—a "crying part"—and Julia sobs her way to success. But she doesn't stop there. In fact she is not the kind of person to stop anywhere, and after dazzling the world with the promise of a society wedding, she shirks it at the last minute and escapes into obscurity. And there she finds—well, something better than fame or titles. She may be cut out for a crying part on the stage, but she is cut out for a laughing

part in the drama of life, and though there is plenty of pleasant sentiment in it too, the book echoes her rollicking laughter and is alive with her lively personality from beginning to end.

THE SHADOW OF STEPHEN WADE. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. 7s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The shadow of Stephen Wade does its chief work on the pictorial wrapper cover and in the opening chapter, where it prepares us for sinister influences and a struggle. The story proceeds, the chief character comes forward, and it needs no borrowing from heredity to interest us in him—Philip Gray. Sensitive in a peculiar degree to unseen forces, Philip feels that the unhappy legacy which his grandfather has left him hangs over his life to do him harm. He is the more certain because of the facial likeness which proves the closeness of their kinship. He struggles to be free and to work out his manhood. Susan and Vera and Wanda are adventures which help him on the way. Wanda O'Fay is a delightful study, with a threefold personality, a girl in different moods—of society, of the concert-room, and of the woods—clearest of all in the woods. Mr. Compton-Rickett lets his fancy play with her, and succeeds in making us follow him. The story is told with humour and runs easily to its close. There is some everyday philosophy, put in such a way that one remembers it, and the action is not held up while one listens.

CRATER'S GOLD. By Philip Curtiss. 7s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"Crater's Gold" possesses the quality that most kinds of gold possess, the quality of allurement. Both the supposed gold in the story and the book itself attract and hold attention. Andrew Stiles, the hero of the story, inherits wealth and an old house and estate in the country, a certain number of miles from New York. He has been long a journalist in the city, and, going to see his property, finds a somewhat fine but dilapidated house and an utterly neglected estate, and he decides to sell it. Within a short time, in a mysterious way he finds that men are rivalling one another in trying to buy it, and half in amusement, half in belief that hidden treasure must lie somewhere on his land, or under it, he decides not to sell. The story itself occupies only a few days, but it contains comedy and characterisation enough for a twelvemonth. It may almost be said of it that every chapter ends with a "curtain." What may certainly be said of it is that it grips the reader's interest from the first, that it is clever, amusing and well sustained. And the mystery which brings together in Stiles's old house an enormously rich merchant in "art novelties," a king among cinema managers, and a star actress, is well used to the end.

THE DUCHESS OF SIONA. By E. Goodwin. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"The Duchess of Siona," which was published in America last year, is a story as full of fire and colour as a gem, a rushing story. When you close the finished book you are a little breathless and exhilarated. In fact "The Duchess of Siona" differs from the majority of modern novels in that it is vitalising. The story—one of youth and love, material commonplace as is sunshine and green growth—is that of a duchess and her suitors, of one suitor in particular, a nameless fellow, son of a gipsy and the King of Spain. Pedro has more red blood in him than any aristocrat of them all; and, though his duchess is a fine lass, with the heart of a woman under her robes, it is the man, fierce, crafty, tempestuous and a great lover, in whom is centred the interest of the tale. The author uses a plain narrative style, but gets with it an effect of noble and passionate writing. Caught by the rhythm of his long phrases, you are swept in a crescendo of emotion up to the culmination, which, as is proper in a romance, is the union of his man and woman. This is the second of Mr. Goodwin's novels to be published in England, and yet—though recognition came first in America—he is, not only an Englishman, but a Cockney. His first novel, "The Caravan Man," was a vigorous and jovial tale, so amusing that you laughed and forgot to be critical. The Duchess is bigger work, and it is infused with the same extraordinary *joie de vivre*. This *joie de vivre* in fact it is that distinguishes Mr. Goodwin's books and plays from those of his contemporaries.

AFFINITIES. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lightness of touch and a delightful sense of humour characterise these long short stories by Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart. Her plots have always an unexpected turn, her people, if a little shallow and scatterbrained, are excellent company, with a genius for subtle thrusts and witty banter. The story of Devil's Island, the first in the book, gives the reader an appetite for the four others that follow, and there is not one that fails in cleverness of idea and the deft handling we have grown to look for in this author's work. A group of bored young husbands and wives seek a diversion by planning an "affinity" picnic of which the unwanted husbands and wives are to be kept in total ignorance. Fanny, who relates the story, goes with Ferd Jackson, but the picnic from being a huge success dwindles to a dismal failure, and she finds herself regarding her "affinity" with unalloyed hatred. Mishap follows mishap, and they escape in a borrowed motor-car pursued by another picnic party; hiding in a farm-shed, dishevelled and wretched, their only thought to preserve their reputations and avoid publicity. The climax to this vivacious comedy is, of course, a delicious surprise. Each of the tales is thoroughly enjoyable—told in a spontaneous, bubbling style that ever and anon breaks into laughter. Nobody with a copy of "Affinities" at hand need be down in the dumps.

THE HOUSE IN DORMER FOREST. By Mary Webb. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

"'There'll come a day,' said Enoch in a low and singing voice, 'when this bitter old 'ouse will fa-a-al.'" The old gardener, Enoch, is the chorus in this grim and powerful story, which awakens memories of Charlotte Brontë and Thomas Hardy. A curse seemed to brood over the old house in the forest which had belonged to the Darkes since Elizabethan times, and we are left to speculate as to how much of the blight was the direct outcome of the dreary and depressing physical features of the place or was due to the fierce human passions that had for generations been dammed by fanaticism and convention. When these passions broke their bounds it was clear that Enoch's prophecy would shortly be fulfilled, and it is the last chapter of the history of the old house that Mrs. Webb records so brilliantly. The dramatis personæ, with only one or two exceptions, are the members of the household, but they are differentiated and portrayed with very remarkable skill. The father, Solomon Darke, is a sturdy, soulless son of the soil who is hugely puzzled by the forces of unrest within his household. His wife is a warped and bitter shrew with a travesty of a religion which she inherited from her mother, old Mrs. Velindre, who is the oracle of the household and the embodiment of three centuries of the gloom of Dormer. Of the two daughters, one is a pretty fool who marries the curate in haste and is not happy afterwards; the other is strong enough to break her bonds and find love in a larger and freer world. Peter, the younger son, asserts his freedom by an inglorious marriage with a kitchen wench, while Jasper, the idealist, beats long against his cage in vain and finds his freedom at the cost of a broken heart. It is old Mrs. Velindre, with her senile cunning and venomous spitefulness, who puts an end to the bitter old house in the most seemly way by burning it to the ground. There is much of gloom in the story and a little of tragedy, but there is an all-pervading humour also. The descriptions of house and of people are

touched in with a very agreeable wit, and the writing is of a quality not only to indicate promise but to excite interest in the author's previous works with which the reader, like ourselves, may be unacquainted.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR. By F. Wren Child. 7s. net. (Methuen.)

A real story of school life is not too often told, and this record of the everyday trials, joys, and excitements of Nigel Brant, a boy who was, seemingly, unfitted for anything of the sort, is unusual, and attracts by its truthfulness. Nigel Brant, home-trained and motherless, was plunged, after six months' luxury in the home of a crusty bachelor uncle, into the rough-and-tumble of St. Lucian's College. He is sensitive, nervous, truthful, and unused to the common habits of the schoolboy; and his very ignorance makes him do some boldly unschool-like things which bring him face to face with the contempt of his fellows. Brant is a queer mixture, shirking where he should not shirk, and laying himself open to a good deal of rough treatment, even cruelty, and criticism. There is a mystery in the book, too, connected with one of the masters, and some heated scenes follow the attempts of the "Lynx-eyed League" to fathom it. In the end Brant's rough training gives him courage, his weaknesses of character strengthen, and in the end we leave him "the most popular captain St. Lucian's had ever known."

MY LIFE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Anton Tchekhov. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Gilbert Cannan. 7s. net. (Daniel.)

A translation from Russian which is the joint effort of a Russian and an Englishman should come somewhere near perfection. This slim volume halts rather far below that ideal; but no awkwardness of phrase can hide Tchekhov's marvellous gift of presenting a piece of living, breathing humanity in half a page of apparently effortless writing. Of the seven stories here presented, the first, "My Life," is the least successful as a shapely design in fiction; but "Typhus," "In Exile" and "Goussiev" are perfect examples of the author's art. If there are any readers who have yet to make an acquaintance with Tchekhov, we recommend this volume as a beginning.

The Bookman's Table.

MISS ROBINSON. By Elizabeth Baker. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Miss Robinson" was first produced at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, in November, 1918. It makes a readable book, in its pure buff-coloured covers, and is written with skill and point. We have the prosperous family of Vintage, headed by Walter Vintage, M.P., an attractive man, very well dressed, apt to burst into utterly unexpected irritability. The sons of the house are Lister and Horace; Lister about to make a thoroughly satisfactory marriage (the Vintages are full of ambition). Horace has a tenderness for the trim, pretty secretary, Miss Robinson, who is in love with Arden, a very average, good-looking, pleasant mannered and somewhat masterful young man. All the same, Miss Robinson is somewhat flattered by Horace's attentions. The core of the play lies in the fact that unexpectedly but certainly, Miss Robinson, the humble, reverential, perfectly capable secretary, stumbles on a nasty secret to do with the Vintage family. There is a great scene when the old village woman, Mattie Hine, drags herself up to the great house to accuse the respectable squire:

"Mr. Walter, I'm dying—I can't go before my Maker with this awful sin on my soul. I've got to see justice done—justice o that poor——"

MRS. VINTAGE (*abruptly*): "Mattie!" (*She gives a hasty, hunted look round.*) "What—what has she said?" (*Suddenly buries her face in her hands.*) "Oh!"

MATTIE: "Confess your sin. . . . Give the wife you have forsaken the place that is hers in the sight of God. You have lived in adultery all these years. You have borne children of sin. God forgive me, I kept silent for money, I—confess—confess—atone." The scene ends with the passage—(when Mattie has slipped to the floor unconscious)—

MRS. VINTAGE: "But nobody knows—no one was here but us——"

HORACE: "Miss Robinson—she was here!"

VINTAGE: "Damnation!"

The plot, slender though it is, is worked out cunningly and clearly, though Miss Baker has been obliged to capitulate to the universal popular desire for a happy ending. The encumbrance is removed. Vintage is left saying: "Your mother and I—if it will give her any satisfaction—can be married discreetly." The characters are etched with faithfulness, and the thing never lapses to dullness.

ALMA MATER ANTHOLOGY. From the *Aberdeen University Magazine*, 1883–1919. 2s. 6d. net. (Aberdeen: Lindsay.)

Some very fine specimens of recent poetry are included in this volume, which contains considerably upwards of a hundred pieces, the writers of which "have been inspired by the devotion of her sons and daughters to the Lady of the Tower and Crown." A short poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy is sure to make a very wide appeal, and some beautiful poems by Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie, whose work is entitled to rank with that of the foremost poets of this or any age, will find a ready response among all real poetry lovers. Among so much excellent verse it is impossible to make a selection that will not do an injustice to the rest of the writers. But at the risk of exposing ourselves to the charge of making invidious comparisons, mention may be made of the impressive patriotic fervour of "The City of Dreams," by J. D. Symon, the exquisite beauty of "Chrysanthemums," by J. H. S. Mason, and the superb music of "Bressay Caves," by H. J. C. Grierson. "Labuntur Anni," by A. W. Mair, is a really fine little poem. The pathos of "The Blind Angler," by A. Mackie, is eloquent in its human tenderness. And "Life in Death," by A. W. Mackenzie, shows a sweet, serene attitude to life. Altogether "Alma Mater" has every reason to be proud of her children. The high excellence of the work is equalled only by the judiciousness of the compilers. The book should find a place on the shelves of all who are seriously interested in contemporary poetry.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SOCIOLOGY. By Professor J. J. Findlay. 6s. net. (Longmans, Green.)

It is unfortunate that the term sociology should be so repellent to the ordinary man, because the challenge of the war has forced all of us to take a more active interest in the affairs of the social groups of which we each form a part. The war, that is, has demonstrated even to the most obstinate individualist that civilisation is based upon the harmonious working of the various parts of our national and international social systems and, consequently, that we must study social groupings and their functions in the scheme of things if we are to save civilisation from the evils that threaten it. Hence the need for deliberate and sustained study of this very science of sociology—which really means the study of the relationships between men and men. Professor Findlay's Introduction should appeal to the beginner. He opens his inquiry in a club. Here we have for our study a social "group" (as distinct from a fortuitous concourse of people—a mob), a body of men with common sympathies, common interests, pursuing common ends. And so, from this simple and homely beginning, we are led to the study of the family, the clan, the class, and the race, with their complex and manifold organisations and institutions. In spite of a peculiar quality of hardness and professorialism, an excellent book.

POEMS: IN TIME OF WAR—IN TIME OF PEACE. By C. Kennett Burrow. 5s. net. (Collins.)

A book of poems that should on no account be overlooked by lovers of sincere and earnest work is this from the pen of Mr. C. Kennett Burrow. He touches on varied phases of war and peace, a connecting link between the two parts being the poems which he calls "The Return," the last verses of which run:

"So I came to the village street where glinting lights shone fair,
The little homely lights that make the glad tears start;
And I knew that one was yearning and waiting to welcome me there,
She that is mother in blood and steadfast comrade in heart.

"Oh, but my youth surged back like the tide to a thirsty shore,
Or the blessed wind at dawn that heralds the wash of rain:
And I ran with a song in my heart to the unlatched door,
I returned to the breast that had nursed me—a boy again."

The poems are mainly lyrical and "personal," though the impersonal and dramatic are also included. A delightful little Peace poem is that to Cerisette:

"You were a tiny *emigrée*,
Unconscious of a world in flame:
A pulse of living France to-day
You to the vineyards whence you came
Return, and I shall miss our play.

"Four years I've known you, Cerisette,
And five are all your little span;
Speechless you were when first we met,
But by the laugh-and-gurgle plan
You lured me to your baby net.

"And when words came, how droll they were!
French tripped up English—English French!
Then in a kind of bland despair
Your new-discovered teeth you'd clench
And fall as silent as a hare!

"Oh, I shall miss you, Cerisette!
You'll carry to your vineyard-land
A love too constant to forget:
Some day, blithe heart, you'll understand
Why your old playmate's eyes were wet."

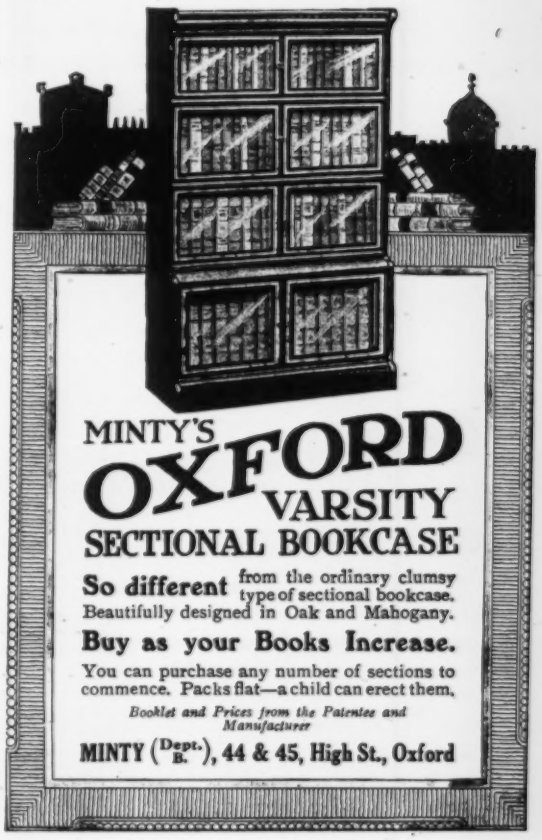
Mr. Burrow is one of our few novelists who can also write poetry—or perhaps one should say, one of our few poets who can write novels.

THE CHARM OF OXFORD. By J. Wells, M.A., Warden of Wadham College. Illustrated by W. G. Blackall. 21s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

So far as we can judge from their reproduction by process as illustrations to "The Charm of Oxford," Mr. W. G. Blackall's twenty-seven pencil drawings of college and university buildings are at once graceful and faithful. They are well chosen too, depicting Balliol, B.N.C., Corpus, Christ Church, Lincoln, Magdalen, Merton, New College, Oriel, St. John's and Wadham, and leaving unrepresented Keble and Hertford as being modern, Univ. as being ugly, and All Souls as being no true college. The letterpress, provided by Mr. Joseph Wells, the Warden of Wadham, is as well worth studying as are Mr. Blackall's pictures; it is informing without being pedantic, and fluent without being garrulous. Mr. Blackall and Mr. Wells between them have managed to capture much of "the charm of Oxford" in this handsome volume. If all editors and artists reached their level of taste and expression there would be little fear of pictorial Oxford being overdone. The drawings of Mr. Blackall are also published separately in a portfolio (42s. net), reproduced on vellum and tastefully mounted ready for framing.

MÉLUSINE. By Franz Hellens. (Editions de "La Voile Rouge": Paris and Brussels.)

This bewildering and fantastic tale, with its mystic, symbolic, allegorical details and implications, contains much that is of the purest beauty, though in its entirety it is not altogether clear what the aim of the writer can be. Mélusine is a creature between woman and spirit, and her sapphire robe is the sapphire lost by Merlin, from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BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

which he derived his chief magical powers. And throughout the romance Merlin—now in the guise of a modern engineer—pursues her to recover his sapphire, and succeeds in his quest. But the quest is carried on through innumerable episodes, with so much that is mere fantasy, so much that is subtly penetrating psychology, so much that is satire, that the reader fails to grasp the scheme of the book as a whole. If there is anything analogous to the tale it would probably be some of the strange tantalising stories of Jules Laforgue, though M. Hellens cannot comfortably wield the same bow. Some of the stories in his noteworthy "Nocturnal" rather heralded the manner now fully exemplified in "Mélusine," but it seems something more elusive than is reasonable. Yet the directness, balance and originality that appear in every adventure make the story well worth reading.

A GUILDSMAN'S INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By Arthur J. Penty. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

In this extremely able contribution to the literature of the rapidly growing Guild movement, Mr. Penty tilts heavily at two considerably weighty things: Roman law and the materialist conception of history. Regarding the latter, the theories of Marx are false, we are told, not because of what they say, but of what they leave unsaid. They isolate one historical factor and ignore the rest. His theories gain credence to-day because the great traditions of the past have been undermined by modern capitalism—itself a most material thing. The evils Mr. Penty finds in Roman law are many and terrible. Successful warfare made old Rome wealthy, but this wealth was at the mercy of unpatriotic financiers, and Roman law was formulated, not to secure justice, but to bolster up a corrupt society in the interests of "public order." Its aim was not, like mediæval law, "to enable good men to live among bad, but to enable rich men to live among poor." And when Roman law finally triumphed over the mediæval canon law of the Church, exploitation was legalised and wealth, so to say, sanctified, no matter how that wealth might have been acquired. So Mr. Penty on Roman law, and, although there is nothing new in the statement of facts, the case he builds upon them is so strong that we may confidently expect it to be ignored. For the rest, the book is an historical survey from Greece and Rome, through Mediævalism, the Reformations in England and Germany, the French Revolution and Industrialism, to the Great War and Bolshevism, stressing the part the Guilds played in history, and the evils attendant upon their decline. An invaluable book.

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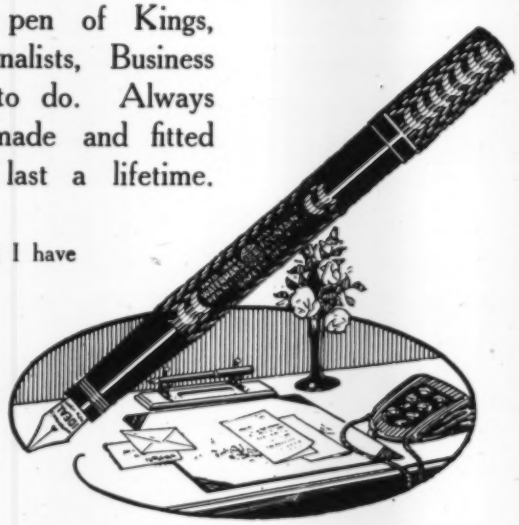

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